

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR

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**"SWEET MARY MALONE."**

There's a spell in the glance of sweet Mary Malone,  
Whose charm no weak heart can defy;  
And more precious by far than 'philosopher's stone'  
Is the diamond that gleams in her eye.  
Like the pole-star at night,  
Clear, glistening, and bright,  
That cheers and that guides the lost mariner home,  
When out at sea,  
Is that eye to me,  
The bright, beaming, blue eye of Mary Malone!

Each poet has sung of his "Chloe" or "Chloris"—  
Such heathenish names I disown:  
The only fair goddess I love and adore is  
My dear simple Mary Malone.  
In form, or in face,  
The goddess of grace,  
Might, haply, excel her, I freely will own,—  
But—that soft eye of blue,—  
That bright eye of blue!—

She had not an eye like sweet Mary Malone!  
How oft, mutely gazing, spell-bound, I've remained  
On the light of thy beautiful face,  
By its softening lustre allured—but restrained  
By thy modest majestic grace!  
Then thy dark, raven hair,—  
Thy bosom so fair,—  
Thy roses!—such never in gardens have blown:—  
But—oh! that blue eye,  
That loving blue eye!

'Twas that won my heart, my sweet Mary Malone.

**ANECDOTE OF MATHEWS.**

Innumerable stories are told of the pranks Mathews delighted to play under different disguises and in different characters. No doubt there is much exaggeration in these. I was myself sceptical as to Mathews's power of concealing his identity from persons to whom he was known. I happened to mention this to Peter Coxe, who assured me the following instance occurred under his own observation.

"I was invited," quoth Peter, "to dine at the Piazza Coffee house to meet a select party, among whom was Mathews. The room we dined in had two doors. Mathews sat on the right hand of our entertainer, by whose desire I seated myself next to Mathews. During dinner, the latter mentioned that an acquaintance of his, an obstinate, opinionated old bachelor, whom he had known in the north was now in town, and that he was exceedingly apprehensive this person, who was intolerably rude and overbearing, would find him out, and force himself on the company. After dinner, Mathews made himself exceedingly agreeable, and we were all in the acme of enjoyment, when the waiter, entering, announced that an elderly gentleman was below, inquiring for Mr. Mathews.

"What's his name?" asked Mathews in great alarm.

"He didn't say, sir. He says he knows you are here, and he must see you."

"Old Thwaites, by—!" cried Mathews, starting up;—"knew he'd ferret me out."

"Stay;—what sort of a man is he?" said our entertainer.

"Has he a brown great-coat on?" demanded Mathews.

"Yes, sir."

"Green specs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Scratch wig?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stoops a good deal, and speaks in a north-country accent?"

"Exactly, sir; you've—"

"Ah! I knew it," interrupted Mathews, shrugging up his shoulders, and shooting to the stair's head.

"I tell you I know he's in the house, and I will see him!" vociferated a voice on the stairs.

"Say Bannister's taken ill—I'm gone to the theatre," cried Mathews, rushing in, seizing his hat, and bolting.

He had scarcely made his exit at one door, when Old Thwaites appeared at the other. The latter's appearance corresponded in every respect with the description given by Mathews.

"Where's Mathus?" demanded he, abruptly, in a strong north country accent. "I know he's here," continued he, hobbling into the room, and looking sharply around, "and I must see him."

"Mr. Mathews was here, sir," replied our host, with more politeness than I thought the occasion called for; "but he's just gone to the theatre, and—"

"That won't pass with me," interrupted Mr. Thwaites, rudely. "I know he's in the house;—you can't bamboozle me. I know he doesn't play to-night. I've ascertained that." So here, continued he, putting down his hat and stick, and seating himself in the chair Mathews had just vacated, "here I stay until I've seen him."

"We all stared at this."

"You're quite welcome to stay, sir, as long as you please," said our entertainer, coolly. "But what I tell you is the fact. Mr. Bannister is taken suddenly ill, and—"

"It's a lie, sir!" interrupted Mr. Thwaites again; "it's a d-d lie, sir!" repeated he, striking the table with his fist until the glasses jingled again, "and you all know it," concluded he, looking fiercely around.

"Of course, we all rose at this."

"Pray, gentlemen," said our entertainer, "be seated, I beg. As an elderly gentleman,—as a friend of Mr. Mathews, Mr. Thwaites is privileged to—pray resume your seats, gentlemen."

"We obeyed; though I confess I felt strongly inclined, in spite of his years, to kick the intruder out."

"So you know me, do you?" proceeded Mr. Thwaites, filling out a bumper; "Mathus mentioned me, did he? Pah! what rot-gut stuff! what beastly wine! I wonder you can drink such rubbish. Pah!—nothing but sloe-juice and cyder. But anything—anything's good enough for you cockneys," added he, with a sneer. "Ha! ha!—curse me if I think you know good wine when you get it."

"Some of us ventured to dissent from this. But Mr. Thwaites stuck to his assertion, and maintained it with so much rudeness, that it required all the tact of our entertainer to preserve order. No matter what subject was started, Mr. Thwaites was sure to render it the theme for discord; until at length the patience of the company becoming exhausted, we rose *en masse*, and were on the point of forcibly ejecting the intruder, who, pulling off his wig and spectacles, disclosed the features of Mathews himself!

"I had for some time suspected this. My proximity to the supposed Mr. Thwaites enabled me to detect a horse-hair attached to the wig, which, passing under Mathews's nose, entirely changed the expression of his countenance. But no other person, except our entertainer, who was in the secret, had the slightest suspicion of the cheat; the admirable manner in which Mathews supported his assumed character, but above all, the celerity with which he returned, so completely altered in his appearance, precluding the possibility of his being identified."

**THE MOURNER AND THE COMFORTER.**

(Concluded.)

Some hours had elapsed, the footsteps had ceased, there was quiet, if not rest, in the chamber of mourning; and, shortly after sunrise, a side door in the hotel opened, and she who had been as a sister to the stranger, never seen before, came slowly forth. She was worn with watching, her heart was sick with the sight and sounds of such woe, and she sought the refreshment of the outer air and the privacy of the early day. It was a dawn promising a day as beautiful as the preceding; the sun was beaming mildly through an opening towards the east, wakening the tops of the nearest hills, while all the rest of the beautiful range lay huge and colourless, nodding, as it were, to their drowsy reflections beneath, and the lake itself looked as calm and peaceful as if the winds had never swept over its waters, nor those waters over all that a wife and mother had loved. Man is such a speck on this creation of which he is lord, that had every human being now sleeping on the green sides of the hills, been lying deep among their dark feet in the lake, it would not have shewn a ripple the more.

Miss Campbell, meanwhile, wandered slowly on, and though apparently unmindful of the beauty of the scene, she was evidently soothed by its influence. All that dreary night long had she cried unto God in ceaseless prayer, and felt that without His help in her heart, and His word on her lips, she had been but as a strengthless babe before the sight of that anguish. But here beneath His own heavens her communings were freer; her soul seemed not so much to need Him below, as to rise to Him above; and the solemn dejection upon a very careworn, but sweet face, became less painful, but perhaps more touching. In her wanderings she had now left the hotel to her left hand, the boatman's clay cottage was just above, and below a little rough pier of stones, to an iron ring in one of which the boat was usually attached. She had stood on that self same spot the day before and watched Captain H— and his little son as they walked down to the pier, summoned the boatman, and launched into the cool, smooth water. She now went down herself, and stood with a feeling of awe upon the same stones they had so lately left. The shores were loose and shingly, many footsteps were there, but one particularly riveted her gaze. It was tiny in shape and light in print, and a whole succession of them went off towards the side as if following a butterfly, or attracted by a bright stone. Alas! they were the last prints of that little foot on the shores of this world! Miss Campbell had seen the first thunderbolt of misery burst upon his mother; she had borne the sight of her as she lay stunned, and as she rose frenzied, but that tiny footprint was worse than all, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears. She felt as if it were desecration to sweep them away, as if she could have shrined them round from the winds and waves, and thoughtless tread of others; but a thought came to check her. What did it matter how the trace of his little foot, or how the memory of his short life, were obliterated from this earth? There was One above who had numbered every hair of his innocent head, and in His presence she humbly hoped both father and child were now rejoicing.

She was just turning away when the sounds of steps approached, and the boatman's wife came up. Her features were coarse and her frame was gaunt, as we have said, but she was no longer the termagant of the day before, nor was she ever so. But the lower classes, in the most civilised lands, are often, both in joy and grief, an enigma to those above them; if nature, rare alike in all ranks, speak not for them, they have no conventional imitation to put in her place. The feeling of intense suspense was new to her, and the violence she had assumed had been the awkwardness which, under many eyes, knew not otherwise how to express or conceal; but she had sound Scotch sense, and a tender woman's heart, and spoke them both now truly, if not gracefully.

"Ye'll be frae the hotel, yonder?" she said; "can ye tell me how the pair



ledly has rested? I was up myself to the house, and they tell me they could hear her greeting!"

Miss Campbell told her in a few words what the reader knows, and asked for her husband.

"Oh! he's well enough in body, but sair disquieted in mind. No that he's unminde' of the mercy of the Lord to himsel', but he can no just keep the thocht awa' that it was he wha helped those poor creatures to their end." She then proceeded earnestly to exculpate her husband, assuring Miss Campbell that in spite of the heavy wind and the entangled rope, all might even yet have been well if the gentleman had kept his seat. "But I just tell him that there's Ane above, stronger than the wind, who sunk them in the lake, and could have raised them from it but it was no His pleasure. The poor ledly would ha' been nane the happier if Andrew ha' been ta'en as well, and I and the bairn-muckle the waur." Then observing where Miss Campbell stood, she continued in a voice of much emotion "Ah! I mind them weel as they came awa' down here; the bairnie was playing by as Andrew loosened the boat—the sweet bairnie! so bappy and thochtless as he gaed in his beautiful claes—I see him noo!" and the poor woman wiped her eyes. "But there's something ye'll like to see. Jeanie! gang awa' up, and bring the little bonnet that hangs on the peg. Andrew went out again with the boat the night, and picked it up. But it will not be dry."

The child returned with a sad token. It was the little fellow's cap; a smart, town-made article, with velvet band, and long silk tassel; that tassel which had been his first vanity, and his mother had coaxed it smooth as she pulled the peak low down over his fair forehead, and then, fumbling his little fingers into his gloves, had given him a kiss which she little thought was to be the last!

"I was coming awa' up wi' it mysel', but the ledly will no just bear to see it yet."

"No, not yet," said Miss Campbell, "if ever. Let me take it. I shall remain with her till better friends come here, or she goes to them;" and giving the woman money, which she had difficulty in making her accept, she possessed herself of the cap and turned away.

She soon reached the hotel, it was just five o'clock, all blinds were down, and there was no sign of life; but one figure was pacing up and down, and seemed to be watching for her. It was Sir Thomas. His sympathy had broken his sleep in the morning, though it had not disturbed it at night. He began in his abrupt way:—

"Madam, I have been watching for you. I heard you leave the house. Madam, I feel almost ashamed to lift up my eyes to you: whilst we have all been wishing and talking, you alone have been acting. We are all obliged to you, madam; there is not a creature here with a heart in them to whom you have not given comfort!"

Miss Campbell tried to escape from the honest overflowings of the old man's feelings.

"You have only done what you liked: very true, madam. It is choking work having to pity without knowing how to help; but I would sooner give ten thousand pounds than to see what you have seen. I would do anything for the poor creature, any thing, but I could not look at her." He then told her that his men had been sent with the earliest dawn to different points of the lake, but as yet without finding any traces of the late fatal accident; and then his eyes fell upon the cap in Miss Campbell's hand, and he at once guessed the history. "Picked up last evening, you say—sad, sad—a dreadful thing!" and his eyes filling more than it was convenient to hold, he turned away, blew his nose, took a short turn, and coming back again, continued, "But tell me, how has she rested? what has she taken? You must not let her weep too much!"

"Let her weep!" said Miss Campbell. "I wish I could bid her. She has not shed a tear yet, and mind and body alike want it. I left her lying back quiet in an arm-chair, but I fear this quiet is worse than what has gone before!"

"God bless my heart!" said Sir Thomas, his eyes now running over without control. "God bless my heart! this is sad work. Not that I ever wished a woman to cry before in my life, if she could help it. Poor thing! poor thing! I'll send for a medical man: the nearest is fifteen miles off!"

"I think it will be necessary. I am now going back to her room."

"Well, ma'am, I won't detain you longer, but don't keep all the good to yourself. Let me know if there is anything that I or my men, or," the old gentleman hesitated, "my money, madam, can do, only don't ask me to see her;" and so they each went their way.—Sir Thomas to the stables to send off man and horse, and Miss Campbell to the chamber of mourning.

She started as she entered; the blind was drawn up, and, leaning against the shutter, in apparent composure, stood Mrs. H—. That composure was dreadful; it was the calm of intense agitation, the silence of boiling heat, the immovability of an object in the most rapid motion. The light was full upon her, shewing cheek and forehead flushed, and veins bursting on the small hands. Miss Campbell approached with trembling limbs.

"Where is the servant?"

"I did not want her."

"Will you not rest?"

"I cannot!"

Miss Campbell was weary and worn out; the picture before her was so terrible, she sunk on the nearest chair in an agony of tears.

Without changing her position, Mrs. H— turned her head, and said gently, "Oh, do not cry so! it is I who ought to cry, but my heart is as dry as my eyes, and my head is so tight, and I cannot think for its aching; I cannot think, I cannot understand, I cannot remember, I don't even know your name, then why should this be true? It is I who am ill, they are well, but they never were so long from me before." Then coming forward, her face working, and her breath held tightly, as if a scream were pressing behind, "Tell me," she said "tell me—my husband and child—" she tried hard to articulate, but the words were lost in a frightful contortion. Miss Campbell mastered herself, she saw that the rack of mental torture was strained to the utmost. Neither could bear this much longer. She almost feared resistance, but she felt there was one way to which the sufferer would respond,—

"I am weary and tired," she said, "weary with staying up with you all night. If you will lie down, I will soon come and lie by your side."

Poor Mrs. H— said nothing, but let herself be laid upon the bed.

Three mortal hours passed, she was burnt with a fever which only her own tears could quench; and those wide-open, dry eyes were fearful to see. A knock came to the door, "How is she now?" said Sir Thomas's voice. "The doctor is here: you look as if you wanted him yourself. I'll bring him up."

The medical man entered. Such a case had not occurred in his small country practice before, but he was a sensible and kind man, and no practice could have helped him here if he had not been. He heard the whole sad history, felt the throbbing pulse, saw the flush on the face, and wide-open eyes, which now

seemed scarcely to notice anything. He took Miss Campbell into another room, and said that the patient must be instantly roused, and then bled if necessary.

"But the first you can undertake better than I, madam." He looked round. "Is there no little object which would recall?—nothing you could bring before her sight? You understand me?"

Indeed Miss Campbell did. She had not sat by that bedside for the last three hours without feeling and fearing that this was necessary; but at the same time, she would rather have cut off her own hand than undertaken it. She hesitated—but for a moment, and then whispered something to Sir Thomas. "God bless my heart!" said he, "who would have thought of it! Yes, I know it made me cry like a child."

And then he repeated her proposition to the medical man, who gave immediate assent, and she left the room. In a few minutes she entered that of Mrs. H— with the little boy's cap in her hand, placed it in a conspicuous position before the bed, and then seated herself with a quick, nervous motion by the bedside. It was a horrid pause, like that which precedes a cruel operation, where you have taken upon yourself the second degree of suffering—that of witnessing it. The cap lay there on the small stone mantelpiece, with its long, drabbed, weeping tassel, like a funeral emblem. It was not many minutes before it caught those eyes for which it was intended. A suppressed exclamation broke from her; she flew from the bed, looked at Miss Campbell one instant in intense inquiry, and the next had the cap in her hands. The touch of that wet object seemed to dissolve the spell; her whole frame trembled with sudden relaxation. She sank, half kneeling, on the floor, and tears spouted from her eyes. No blessed rain from heaven to famished earth was ever more welcome. Tears, did we say? Torrents! Those eyes, late so hot and dry, were as two arteries of the soul suddenly opened. What a misery that had been which had sealed them up! They strained over her face, blinding her riveted gaze, falling on her hands, on the cap, on the floor. Meanwhile the much-to-be-pitied sharer of her sorrow knelt by her side, her whole frame scarcely less unnerved than that she sought to support, uttering broken ejaculations and prayers, and joining her tears to those which flowed so passionately. But she had a gentle and meek spirit to deal with. Mrs. H— crossed her hands over the cap and bowed her head. Thus she continued a minute, and then turning, still on her knees, she laid her head on her companion's shoulder. "Help me up," she said, "for I am without strength." And all weak, trembling, and sobbing, she allowed herself to be undressed and put to bed.

Miss Campbell lay down in the same room. She listened till the quivering, catching sobs had given place to deep drawn sighs, and these again to disturbed breathings, and then both slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and Miss Campbell fortunately, knew not when the mourner awoke from it.

Oh, the dreary first-fruits of excessive sorrow! The first days of a stricken heart, passed through, writhed through, ground through, we scarcely know or remember how, before the knowledge of the bereavement has become habitual—while it is still struggle and not endurance—the same ceaseless recoil from the same ever-recurring shock. It was a blessing that she was ill, very ill; the body shared something of the weight at first.

Let no one, untried by such extremity, here lift the word or look of deprecation. Let there not be a thought of what she ought to have done, or what they would have done. God's love is great, and a Christian's faith is strong, but when have the first encounters between old joys and new sorrows been otherwise than fierce? From time to time a few intervals of heavenly composure, wonderful and gracious to the sufferer, may be permitted, and even the dim light of future peace discerned in the distance; but, in a moment, the gauntlet of defiance is thrown again—no matter what—an old look, an old word, which comes rushing unbidden over the soul, and dreadful feelings rise again only to spend themselves by their own violence. It always seems to us as if sorrow had a nature of its own, independent of that whereon it has fallen, and sometimes strangely at variance with it,—scorching the gentle, melting the passionate, dignifying the weak, and prostrating the strong,—and shewing the real nature, habits, or principles of the mind, only in those defences it raises up during the intervals of relief. With Mrs. H— these defences were reared on the only sure base, and though the storm would sweep down her bulwarks, and cover all over with the furious tide of grief, yet the foundation was left to cling to, and every renewal added somewhat to its strength.

Three days were spent thus, but the fourth she was better, and on Miss Campbell's approaching her bedside, she drew her to her, and, putting her arms round her neck, imprinted a calm and solemn kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh! what can I ever do for you, dear friend and comforter! God, who has sent you to me in my utmost need, He alone can reward you. I don't even know your name; but that matters not, I know your heart. Now you may tell me all—all; before, I felt as if I could neither know nor forget what had happened, before, it was as if God had withdrawn His countenance; but now He is gracious, He has heard your prayers."

And then, with the avidity of fresh, hungry sorrow, she besought Miss Campbell to tell her all she knew; she besought and would not be denied, for sorrow has royal authority, its requests are commands. So, with the hand of each locked together, and the eyes of each averted, they sat questioning and answering in disjointed sentences till the whole sad tale was told. Then, anxious to turn a subject which could not be banished, Miss Campbell spoke of the many hearts that had bled, and the many prayers that had ascended for her, and told her of that kind old man who had thought, acted, and grieved for her like a father.

"God bless him—God bless them all; but chiefly you, my sister. I want no other name."

"Call me Catherine," said the faithful companion.

Passionate bursts of grief would succeed such conversations; nevertheless they were renewed again and again, for, like all sufferers from severe bereavements, her heart needed to create a world for itself, where its loved ones still were, as a defence against that outer one where they were not, and to which she was only slowly and painfully to be inured, if ever. In these times she would love to tell Catherine—what Catherine most loved to hear—how that her lost husband was both a believer and a doer of Christ's holy word, and that her lost child had learned at her knee what she herself had chiefly learned from his father. For she had been brought up in ignorance and indifference to religious truths, and the greatest happiness of her life had commenced that knowledge, which its greatest sorrow was now to complete.

"I have been such a happy woman," she would say, "that I have pitied others less blessed, though I trust they have not envied me." And then would follow sigh on sigh and tear on tear, and again her soul writhed beneath the agony of that implacable mental spasm.

Sometimes the mourner would appear to lose, instead of gaining ground, and would own with depression, and even with shame, her fear that she was be-



coming more and more the sport of ungovernable feeling. "My sorrow is sharp enough," she would say, "but it is a still sharper pang when I feel I am not doing my duty under it. It is not thus that he would have me act." And her kind companion, always at hand to give sympathy or comfort, would bid her not exact or expect any thing from herself, but to cast all upon God, reminding her in words of tenderness that her soul was as a sick child, and that strength would not be required until strength was vouchsafed. "Strength," said the mourner, "no more strength or health for me." And Miss Campbell would whisper that, though "weariness endureth for a night, joy comes in the morning." Or she would be silent, for she knew, as most women do alike how to soothe and when to humour.

It was a beautiful and a moving sight to see two beings thus riveted together in the exercise and receipt of the tenderest and most intimate feelings, who had never known of each other's existence till the moment that made the one dependent and the other indispensable. All the shades and grades of conventional and natural acquaintanceship, all the gradual insight into mutual character, and the gradual growth into mutual trust, which is so sweet to look back upon from the high ground of friendship, were lost to them; but it mattered not, here they were together, the one admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow, the other sharing in the fulness of love, with no reminiscence in common but one, and that sufficient to bind them together for life.

Meanwhile the friend without was also unremitting in his way. He crossed not her threshold in person, nor would have done so for worlds, but his thoughts were always reaching Mrs. H— in some kind form. Every delicate dainty that money could procure—beautiful fruits and flowers which had scarce entered this valley before—every thing that could tempt the languid appetite or divert the weary eye was in turn thought of, and each handed in with a kind, hearty inquiry, till the mourner listened with pleasure for the step and voice Nor was Miss Campbell forgotten; all the brief snatches of air and exercise she enjoyed were in his company, and often did he insist on her coming out for a short walk or drive when the persuasions of Mrs. H— had failed to induce her to leave a room where she was the only joy. But now a fresh object attracted Sir Thomas's activity, for after many days the earthly remains of one of the sufferers was thrown up. It was the body of the little boy. Sir Thomas directed all that was necessary to be done, and having informed Miss Campbell, the two friends, each strange to the other, and bound together by the interest in one equally strange to both, went out together up the hill above the hotel, and were gone longer than usual. The next day the intelligence was communicated to Mrs. H—, who received it calmly, but added, "I could have wished them both to have rested together; but God's will be done. I ought not to think of them as on earth."

The grave of little Harry H— was dug far from the burial-ground of his fathers, and strangers followed him to it; but though there were no familiar faces among those who stood round, there were no cold ones; and when Sir Thomas as chief mourner, threw the earth upon the lowered coffin, warm tears fell upon it also. Miss Campbell had watched the procession from the window and told how the good old man walked next behind the minister, the boatman and his wife following him, and how a long train succeeded all pious and reverential in their bearing, with that air of manly decorum which the Scotch peasantry conspicuously shew on such occasions. And she who laid on a bed of sorrow and weakness blessed them through her tears and felt that her child's funeral was not lonely.

From this time the mourner visibly mended. The funeral and the intelligence that preceded it had insensibly given her that change of the same theme, the want of which had been so much felt at first. She had now taken up her burden, and for the dear sakes of those for whom she bore it, it became almost sweet to her. She was not worshipping her sorrow as an idol, but cherishing it as a friend. Meanwhile she had received many kind visits from the minister who had buried her child, and had listened to his exhortations with humility and gratitude; but his words were felt as admonitions. Catherine's as comfort. To her, now dearer and dearer, every day she would confess aloud the secret changes of her heart; how at one time the world looked all black and dreary before her, how at another she seemed already to live in a brighter one beyond; how one day life was a burden she knew not how to bear, and another how the bitterness of death seemed already past. Then with true Christian politeness she would lament over the selfishness of her grief, and ask where Miss Campbell had learned to know that feeling which she felt henceforth was to be the only solace of her life,—viz. the deep, deep sympathy for others. And Catherine would tell her, with that careworn look which confirmed all she said, how she had been sorely tried, not by the death of those she loved, but by what was worse—their sufferings and their sins. How she had been laden with those misfortunes which wound most and teach least, and which, although coming equally from the hand of God, torment you with the idea that, but for the wickedness or weakness of some human agent, they need never have been; till she had felt, wrongly no doubt, that she could have better borne those on which the stamp of the Divine Will was more legibly impressed. She told how the sting of sorrow, like that of death, is sin; how comparatively light it was to see those you love dead, dying, crippled, maniacs, victims, in short, of any evil, rather than victims of evil itself. She spoke of a heart-broken sister and of a hard-hearted brother; of a son—an only one, like him just buried—who had gone on from sin to sin, hardening his own heart, and wringing those of others, till none but a mother's love remained to him, and that he outraged. She told, in short, so much of the sad realities of life, in which, if there was not more woe, there was less comfort, that Mrs. H— acknowledged in her heart that such griefs had indeed been unendurable, and returned with something like comfort to the undisturbed sanctity of her own.

About this time a summons came which required Sir Thomas to quit the valley in which these scenes had been occurring. Mrs. H— could have seen him, and almost longed to see him; but he shrunk from her, fearing no longer her sorrow so much as her gratitude.

"Tell her I love her," he said, in his abrupt way, "and always shall; but I can't see her—at least, not yet." Then, explaining to Miss Campbell all the little arrangements for the continuation of the mourner's comfort, which his absence might interrupt, he authorised her to dispose of his servants, his horses and every thing that belonged to him, and finally put into her hands a small packet, directed to Mrs. H—, with instructions when to give it. He had ascertained that Mrs. H— was wealthy, and that her great afflictions entailed no minor privations. "But you, my dear, are poor; at least, I hope so, for I could not be happy unless I were of service to you. I am just as much obliged to you as Mrs. H— is. Mind, you have promised to write to me and to apply to me without reserve. No kindness, no honour—nonsense. It is I who honour you above every creature I know, but I would not be a woman for the world; at least, the truth is, I could not." And so he turned hastily away.

And now the time approached when she, who had entered this valley a happy wife and mother, was to leave it widowed and childless, a sorrowing and heavy-hearted woman, but not an unhappy one. She had but few near relations, and those scattered in distant lands; but there were friends who would break the first desolation of her former home, and Catherine had promised to bear her company till she had committed her into their hands.

It was a lovely evening, the one before their departure, Mrs. H— was clad for the first time in all that betokened her to be a mourner; but, as Catherine looked from the black habiliment to that pale face, she felt that there was the deepest mourning of all. Slowly the widow passed through that side-door we have mentioned, and stood once more under God's heaven. Neither had mentioned to the other the errand on which they were bound, but both felt that there was but one. Slowly and feebly she mounted the gentle slope, and often she stopped, for it was more than weakness or fatigue that made her breath fail. The way was beautiful, close to the rocky bed and leafy sides of that sweetest of all sweet things in the natural world, a Scotch burn. And now they turned, for the rich strip of grass, winding among bush and rock, which they had been following as a path, here spread itself out in a level shelf of turf, where the burn ran smoother, the bushes grew higher, and where the hill started upward again in bolder lines. Here there was a fresh-covered grave. The widow knelt by it, while Catherine stood back. Long was that head bowed, first in anguish, and then in submission, and then she turned her face toward the lake, on which she had not looked since that fatal day, and gazed steadily upon it. The child lay in his narrow bed at her feet, but the father had a wider one far beneath. Catherine now approached and was folded in a silent embrace; then she gave her that small packet which Sir Thomas had left, and begged her to open it on the spot. It was a legal deed, making over to Mary H—, in free gift, the ground on which she stood—a broad strip from the tip of the hill to the waters of the lake. The widow's tears rained fast upon it.

"Both God and man are very good to me," she said; "I am lonely, but not forsaken. But, Catherine, it is you to whom I must speak. I have tried to speak before, but never felt I could tell now. Oh, Catherine! stay with me—live with me; let us never be parted. God gave you to me when He took all else beside; He has not done it for nought. I can bear to return to my lonely home if you will share it—I can bear to see this valley, this grave again, if you are with me. I am not afraid of tying your cheerfulness to my sorrow; I feel that I am under a calamity, but I feel also that I am under no curse—you will help to make it a blessing. Oh! complete your sacred work, give me years to requite to you your last few days to me. You have none who need you more—none who love you more. Oh! follow me; here, on my child's grave, I humbly entreat you, follow me."

Catherine trembled; she stood silent a minute, and then, with a low, firm voice, replied, "Here, on your child's grave, I promise you. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God." She kept her promise and never repented it.

## A SKETCHING PARTY.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Amongst the red letter days of my life, and, thanks to generally good, if not robust health, a light heart, and a roving commission, they have not been few—none are more delightful in the remembrance, than one or two which I spent in company with a party of Artists and Literary men, in the autumn of 1835.

In this year, that somewhat migratory body, the British Association, held its annual meeting in the city of Bristol, for the purpose of discussing grave questions pertaining to science, and much in the same way as the American Savans are amusing themselves at New Haven, whilst I write. It was at this Bristol meeting, I may by the way mention, that Dr. Lardner made his famous and foolish assertion, that the Atlantic could never be navigated by steam. Not very long afterwards, the acute philosopher was glad to avail himself of a steamship, in order to quit a land which he had made rather too hot to hold him!

Amongst the motley throng who congregated at the place and on the occasion I have mentioned, were famous men of all professions. As many, or more, went to see the great gathering, as to yield their quota to the amount of already acquired information in the various departments of science and philosophy; and, of course, there was a tolerably fair sprinkling of Artists. Fortunately for them, the locality of the place of meeting was extremely beautiful, and afforded plenty of employment for their pencils; and, on the occasion of a Sketching Party being "got up," for a trip up the celebrated river Wye, I received an invite, which I the more readily accepted, as it was known that Mr. Wordsworth was touring in South Wales, and we were not without some hope of falling in with him.

We were a pleasant party, that day, as we stood on the deck of the steamboat which was to convey us to where, as Pope sings,

"Pleased Vaga\* echoes through her winding bounds."

And while the steam is "getting up," let me give a catalogue of my fellow pleasure seekers.

With an ample portfolio under one arm, and a walking-stick camp-seat in his hand, stood a gentleman, clad in sober black—his age might have been forty-five or thereabouts, and if a bald, broad forehead be any indication of a more than usual quantity of talent, assuredly the possessor of the said ample "head and front," was no ordinarily gifted man. There was an air of reserve, almost of *hanteur*, about him, and he was evidently gratified by being looked up to by the younger members of our party. This gentleman was a clergyman, an artist, and a poet. His name, (I know not, should these sketches ever meet his eye, whether he will thank me for divulging it,) was John Eagles; but he is better known to the readers of Blackwood as "The Sketcher," such being the designation he adopts in the articles he furnishes to *Maga*.

The Rev. Mr. Eagles's sonnets, in the periodical I have just named, have been considered, by competent judges, to be scarcely, if at all, inferior to Wordsworth's; his paintings are fine transcripts from nature; and his prose writings exhibit a most refined and intimate acquaintance with art, and its rules, if rules it has. As a satirist, he wields a fierce and slashing pen. He possesses a rectory at Wynford, in Somersetshire, and passes a pleasant life, in dalliance with the muses. Such is or was our "Sketcher!"

Who is that somewhat eccentric looking personage, with a keen dark eye, and a rather foreign appearance? He has huddled his clothes on, not dressed himself. His hair, which grows long behind, falls over the collar of his olive coloured coat, and altogether his appearance is picturesque and eccentric. His portfolio lies on a cross seat near him, and in his hand he has a guitar, in its case. That is E. V. Rippingille, one of the best delineators of Italian groups which we possess. And a singular life has been his. Stung by unmerited ne-

\* The river Wye.



glect, in the city which starved out a Chatterton, and which only afforded a grave to poor Savage, who died within its prison, he turned his face towards the sunny South—lived for months and years amongst brigands; explored, in their society, the rocky fastnesses of the Abruzzi; sketched, with a bold pencil, scenes à la Salvator, and brought us home the rich fruits of his adventurous and somewhat perilous trip. He is an accomplished musician, and England boasts not of his superior on the guitar, so that he is no mean addition to our party. Besides this he, like Sir Martin Archer Shee, the present President of the Royal Academy,

"The pen and pencil wields with equal grace."

Mr. Rippingille's Italian Stories, illustrated by himself, must be familiar to the readers of *Bentley's Miscellany*. At present he conducts, with great ability, in London, a Magazine, devoted to the interests of the Fine Arts. In this country, he is not so much known as yet—but in strolling through the streets in Boston, I have noticed, in more than one print shop, an engraving from his picture of "King John signing Magna Charta;" and I have now before me a lovely though lightly executed engraving, by Pease, of "Childhood"—it appears in the Boston "*Friendship's Offering*" for 1842. I have often seen the original picture, which is the portrait of a son of Sir Charles Abraham Elton, well known as one of the most elegant of Greek scholars.

More music! Yonder pale, but dapper looking gentleman, whose somewhat slight form is enveloped in a blue frock coat, frogged from throat to waist, and who sports moustachious and a tip, is Eulenstein, the celebrated performer on the Jew's-harp! A strange and apparently insignificant instrument, and disagreeable enough, at least to me, in most hands, or rather mouths—but let our little German friend, there, take it between his lips, and you would fancy that Titania's band had arrived fresh from Fairy-land.

"So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear"

are the tones produced by his fingers' ends. That little box in his hand contains his assortment of harps; for when he gives a concert he uses instruments of different sizes and tones, and these he takes up or lays down with astonishing celerity—never once causing interruption or jar in the melody. The ear of royalty itself has listened to and applauded his music.

But who is that lively little gentleman, whom every body is shaking hands with, and who shakes hands with every body in return? He is here, there, and everywhere, chattering away delightfully, it would seem, and dispensing smiles and arch looks in profusion. How his black eyes twinkle, and what fun is there in his face! He seems brimful, and running over with good humor, and looks as if care never had or could touch him. And then, listen to that pleasant Milesian brogue! Reader, perhaps you have never heard an *educated* Irishman talk. Well, if so, you have lost a treat; for nothing in the world is more delightful, excepting only the soft, mellifluous, tripping-over the tongue tattle of a pretty and well informed daughter of the Emerald Isle.—That natty, dear 'duck' of a man, as the ladies might say, is an universal favorite everywhere. He is at once poet, painter, musician and novelist. He writes songs, sets them to music, illustrates them with his pencil, and then sings them as no one else can. Hurrah! we have Rory O'More amongst us. Sam Lover, I beg to introduce you to the American public. Mr Public—the author of the Tale of the "Gridiron"—and, I can assure you, one of the most accomplished and really elegant men whom you will ever have the good fortune to know.

See, he has fixed himself for a time, and is chattering away with a brother bard, whose appearance is as opposite to his own as can possibly be imagined. His companion for the time being, is a man, over whom more than sixty winters have passed, leaving their snows upon his head. He is tall, and stoutly made—beneath a rusty, clerical-looking hat, is a large, placid looking face, whose complexion is somewhat florid, and whose surface is strongly indented with decided lines. There is a serene thoughtfulness in his large grey eyes, and a benevolent smile characterizes his mouth. Round his full, collarless neck is a white cravat, somewhat dingy, and tied not as Brummell would have fastened it. His stalwart and still robust frame is encased in a long black frock, or great coat, whose skirts reach below the knee—a dark waistcoat—pepper-and-salt colored "continuations," and a pair of clumsy top-boots, complete his costume—and his ungloved hand grasps a stout walking stick. Taken altogether, he resembles a yeoman, well to do in the world, and never would be in the least suspected, by those who knew him not, of being a poet!

But he is—and not only a poet himself, but the world ought to be grateful to him, in that he has been the occasion of poetry in one far greater than himself—for we are told that Coleridge was first induced to build for himself the lofty rhyme, in consequence of his perusal of Bowles' Sonnets; which Sonnets the bard of Christobel says he copied with his own pen, more than forty times. William Lisle Bowles was the name of the unpoetic looking individual I have attempted to describe. He is a clergyman, and resides at the parsonage of Brewhill, in Wiltshire, not far from Moore's Cottage. Of him more anon.

Let me see—who else were there? Oh! I remember amongst others was a young man of low stature, and rather heavy features of the German cast. His age was then somewhere about two and twenty, and he was then considered to be a rising artist. This was William Muller, whose "*Letters from Zanthus*" are now publishing in the London Art Union, and whose picture of a "dance at Zanthus" was the *crack* picture in the recent Royal Academy Exhibition. This young man was the son of Mr Muller, a distinguished scholar; and should these random records fall under the notice of any Naturalist, he will remember, with interest, that gentleman as the author of the best work on the Crinoidea.

Poor Theodore Von Holst, too, the son of the well known composer for the piano-forte, was one of us. He was an artist of singular and truly original genius, and worked hard in what may be better understood by calling it the Fuseli school. He, like his productions, was wild and striking in his appearance—and a profusion of long hair, immense moustachios, and somewhat grotesque dress, made him appear affected, which in reality he was not. There he sat, puffing away at a meershaum, in gloomy glory. Not long afterward, he exhibited his great picture of the Death of Lady Macbeth; and so successful was it, that he was overwhelmed with praises, and, better far, with commissions. His two last pictures, "*Bettina*," and "*Medora*," were quite the rage when they appeared; but the artist did not live long to enjoy his honors. The last time I saw him, he was working away, although wretchedly ill; and, in a week after I had been with him in his studio, he had laid down pallet and pencils for ever. He died of consumption, brought on by excessive devotion to his art.

There were others of our party, but none particularly worth noting down. And there we were, one glorious morning, late in August, with merry hearts and cheerful countenances, sailing down the sinuous Avon, on our way to Chepstow.

Delightful alike to poets, painters, and musicians, to say nothing of myself, who had gladly left the dissecting-room for a few too brief hours, was that sail, (if indeed, steaming can be called sailing.) Many of my American friends who have gone down the river from Bristol, on their way to the Great Western steamship, will bear me out in the assertion that we passed through a succession of views which are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world. On emerging from Cumberland Basin, our vessel passed between two mighty natural barriers. On our right, the magnificent rocks of St. Vincent towered four hundred feet above our heads; and on our left, the banks, from the river's margin to the same giddy height, were clothed with the living green of Leigh woods. Flitting by the far-famed Hot Wells, with the magnificent terraces of Clifton high above our heads, we came abreast a valley, or rather a gorge in the woods, which derives its name from the fact of

"Nightingales singing there all the day long"

Bowles (a great antiquarian, by the way) pointed out to us, near the spot, the remains of a Roman encampment; and, in return, I directed attention to a singular octagonal tower, (which crowned a rocky height,) called Cooke's Folly, and which derives its name from a legend to the effect that a rich merchant of Bristol, one Mr. Cooke, had been warned by a soothsayer, that, on his only son's attaining the age of twenty, he would be subject to a great and imminent danger, which danger would hang over him until he should be past the age of twenty-one. To prevent harm to his son during this period, Mr. Cooke built the tower in question, and placed his son in the upper part of it on the day before he attained his twentieth year. For almost twelve months he remained in the tower—only conversing with his friends, who daily visited him from the window, and admitting no company, which, indeed, he could not do, as the doorway was walled up; his provisions and fuel were drawn up by him in a basket. The legend goes on to say—and it is implicitly believed in the neighbourhood—that on the evening before the last day of his imprisonment, he drew up a bundle of faggots, in one of which a snake had concealed itself; and next morning, when his friends went to liberate him, he was found dead, having been stung by the venomous reptile. From that time the tower has been called Cooke's Folly.

Then we passed another "Folly," on the banks of the Avon—and as it is connected with a singular circumstance, which I *know* to be a fact, I will just mention it here.

Every one who knows any thing about the manufacture of shot, is aware that it is made in a tower. One of these may be seen in New York, and two in Philadelphia. The history of the shot tower is curious. Upwards of fifty years ago all the shot manufactured was made by letting melted lead percolate through the small holes of an iron vessel, and the small drops falling into water, suddenly cooling, became shot; but in this so made article there was a little depression on each sphere of lead, in consequence of its coming into contact with the water before it had cooled and become quite solid. To obviate this defect was a great object—and the way in which the difficulty was overcome was this:—

A Mr. Watts was a manufacturer of shot in Bristol. One night his wife awakened him from his sleep, and informed him that she had dreamed of a plan whereby shot could be manufactured perfectly round. Her husband, as many husbands, not having the fear of a Mrs. Caudle before their eyes do, laughed at her; but she was not to be laughed out of her notion. So, after much persuasion, she got her husband, next morning, to fix some apparatus at the head of the well staircase in her house. At the bottom she placed a tub of water, and pouring in the metal at the top, the drops fell a considerable distance, became round, and cooled sufficiently, before they touched the water, to prevent the contact making any perceptible mark. Her triumph was complete. Mr. Watts took out the first patent for shot, became rich, but lost all by commencing the building of a magnificent terrace at Clifton. All his money was sunk in the foundations alone, and to this day it is called Watt's Folly. The poor man died of a broken heart. Such is the story—and whatever the credulous may say, I believe it; for my mother had it from Mr. and Mrs. Watt's own lips. A member of my family purchased the patent of Mr. Watts—and I was born in the house, that old staircase of which I have, hundreds of times, gone up and down—and, curiously enough, in that very house, whilst engaged in prosecuting some chemical researches into the nature of metals, I discovered, not very long since, a mode of making perfectly round shot, without the aid of a tower at all.

I quite forgot to say that Mr. Sedgwick, the distinguished geologist, and also Mr. Congbeare, were of our party. The former celebrated *sarav* was tall and somewhat slightly formed. His complexion was very dark and swarthy, and had not, as he sometimes very playfully admits, any pretensions to beauty, excepting we admit of an intelligent handsomeness. But his eyes were very fine, and when he opened his lips were so rivetted by his eloquence that his plain face went for nothing. Sedgwick has been called the Robert Hall of Geology, and he deserves the honorable title. Like Sir Humphrey Davy, he flings a charm round his subject; and in his hands Geology, in itself, perhaps, the most magnificent of studies, becomes as attractive as its more showy sister science, which enables us, as a poor tobacco-pipe maker and poet says,—

"To sail with science through the starry skies."

Well, Sedgwick and Congbeare, (whose outward man defies description) enlightened us with their discourse on the rocks, as we passed by them, and we had quite a delightful and learned little lecture on conglomerate—blue lias—red sandstone—Icthyosauri and Plesiosauri—Mastodons and Megatheria, which lasted until we made a bend in the river, and the waters of the Bristol Channel glittered before us.

Just before we entered the channel, however, our boat came to a stand still, as we wished to land and make a sketch or two. Then, we had left our homes breakfastless, and so it was proposed to take sundry hampers on shore, and make a lunch of it on the pleasant green sward. It was quite a picnic affair, only there were no ladies, and that, perhaps was a drawback. Nevertheless, we managed to get along wonderfully well, for Lover uncorked the bottles—Lisle Bowles a most broke his back in laying the cloth over so many times—for Rory O'More, I really fear purposely, whenever he passed by a corner, like his own Handy Andy, did just what he ought not to have done, and kicked away the stones which kept the diaper from blowing away. Sedgwick set to work, punning "like mad" on every stone he examined, whilst Congbeare gravely discoursed as before. Von Holst sat listening to Eulenstein, and quoting Schiller and Burger. Eagles set to work at sketching a locality, where it is said two mighty giants and the Devil once had a game of bowls together. Rippingille thrummed his guitar—in short all were occupied, myself among the rest; for, as I couldn't originate anything, worth anything, I contented myself with taking pencil likenesses of the different groups, little dreaming then, that at a future day I should sketch the scenes in pen and ink, for the Atlas, when



seated in the beautiful Athens of America, some thousands of miles away from it.

Our luncheon passed off pleasantly, and how long we should have lingered, I know not, for the wine had made us rather social and sociable, had not an intimation from the "skipper" made us hurry off, for fear of losing the tide.

We occupied about an hour in crossing the channel, and as there was a short, choppy sea, it was quite amusing to witness the change which gradually came over the spirits and faces of my companions. Eulenstein's Jew's-harp was hung upon the willows, and the performer himself hung mournfully over the vessel's side. Rippingille had seen too much of salt water, to care much about it—so had Von Holst, and they sat smoking together. Lisle Bowles's huge frame lay extended on the deck; he was not composing a sonnet, for I really believe that not even Dante could have described the intensity of his misery, in the small number of the allotted fourteen lines. Sedgwick looked as stupid and astonished as the toad did, which Sidney Smith wrote about, when it first came out of its "catacomb of rock." Congbeare, a thin, cadaverous looking man, whose look of sadness, like Brougham's nose, was a thing which could not be exaggerated, sat sipping brandy and water. Muller was invisible, and Lover, pale and spiritless, could hardly perpetrate a pun, to the effect that the watery passage was the freest translation he had ever known of "Sic transit." In fact, we were most of us heartily sick, and the fishes fared all the better for our luncheon.

But the range of rocks called Goldcliff, from their shining with a metallic lustre in the sunlight, came in sight, and the little whitewashed cottages, on the sides of the Welsh mountains, grew more and more distinct, as we neared the shore. The clear stream of the Wye, too, imperfectly mixed with the muddy waters of the channel into which it fell, and streaked our pathway, or seaway; and before long we entered the mouth of one of the most picturesque streams of the most picturesque portion of Wales. As the vessel glided between low, grassy banks on one hand, and a range of rocks, similar, in some respects, to the palisades on the Hudson River, but on an infinitesimal scale, the spirits of our party revived—and the band on board struck up various lively tunes. It was known to the musicians that Lover was amongst us, and so, of course, the lively air of *Rory O'More* was given with all the honors, and most obstreperous cheering followed it, to say nothing of the *encores*. Then Lover ordered, out of compliment, "The Maid of Llangollen," and of course, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, united lustily in singing "God save the Queen." Had there been an American on board, (I wish there had, for I should have liked nothing better than to have gone with him or her, to see some remains of antiquity, such as he has little idea of) we would have had "Yankee Doodle" or "Hail Columbia."

As we were nearing Chepstow Bridge, and the old Castle just appeared in sight, one of the musicians shambled up to Mr. Lover, made his bow, and asked for something to drink, insinuating that they had played "*Rory O'More*" for his especial gratification.

"Bedad, that's quare, any how!" said Lover, good-humoredly, giving the man half a crown; "that's a lefted handed way of satisfyin' the piper, to make a man pay for hearin' his own music!"

On reaching Chepstow, we landed close to the bridge, as we had agreed to perform the rest of our journey on foot, that is, the younger and brisker portion of the party. Mr. Bowles left us, for the purpose of paying his respects to his Diocesan, the Bishop of Llandaff, who resided close by, promising to meet us at Tintern Abbey. Sedgwick and Congbeare strolled onward, and the rest of our party proceeded to the Castle, for the purpose of making sketches. As we entered the great doorway, a tall loosely dressed lady came from within the Castle, and principally attracted my attention from the circumstance of her carrying a large folio under her arm. Two sweet little girls were with her. I felt curious to know who she was, and enquired of the old woman who kept the gate. She informed me that it was Lady Charlotte Guest, (formerly Lady Charlotte Lindsay) wife of Sir John Guest, the great Welsh Iron Master. Lady Charlotte is well known in England, as the able and laborious translator of the *Mabinogion*—the Welsh Arabian Nights—which work is now in course of publication. But I must entreat the reader to wait patiently until next week, when the sayings and doings of our Sketching Party, amidst Rocks, River and Ruins shall be duly chronicled.

Boston Atlas.

### AN INDIAN FAKIR.

The monotony of our camp life, was broken this morning by the arrival of a very celebrated character in the Punjab, a person we had all expressed great anxiety to see, and whom the Maha-Rajah had ordered over from Umrutser on purpose. He is a fakir by name, and is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. So many stories were current on the subject, and so many respectable individuals maintained the truth of these stories, that we felt curious to see him. He professes to have been following this trade, if so it may be called, for some years and a considerable time ago several extracts from the letters of individuals who had seen the man in the upper Provinces, appeared in the Calcutta papers, giving some account of his extraordinary powers, which were at the time, naturally enough, looked upon as mere attempts at a hoax upon the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Wade, political agent at Ludhiana, told me that he was present at his resurrection after an interment of some months; General Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maha-Rajah and many of his principal sirdars; and, as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura:—After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him seven days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the fakir reported himself ready for interment in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the Maha-Rajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court, he proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary in their presence, and after stopping with wax his ears and nostrils, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; and the last preparation concluded by turning his tongue forwards, and thus closing the gullet, he immediately died away in a kind of lethargy. The bag was then closed, and sealed with Runjeet's seal, and afterwards placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trod down, and a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The Maha-Rajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the ten months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be in exactly the same position, and in a state of perfectly suspended animation. At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the Maha-Rajah to see him disinterred, and states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened and the seals broken by the Maha-Rajah,

and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing towards restoring him to life was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place. Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably heated; but all other parts of the body cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water upon him constitutes the only further measures for his restoration, and in two hours' time he is as well as ever.

On my return to Simla, accident placed in my hands the appendix to a medical topography of Ludhiana by Dr Macgregor of the horse artillery, by whose permission I have extracted the following account of the former interments and resurrections of the fakir:—A fakir who arrived at Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, and without either food or drink. Runjeet naturally disbelieved the man's assertions, and was determined to put them to the test. For this purpose the fakir was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the middle of the ground: there was a folding door to his box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden-house, the door of which was likewise locked, and outside the whole a high wall, having its doorway built up with bricks and mud. In order to prevent any one from approaching the place, a line of sentries was placed and relieved at regular intervals. The strictest watch was kept up for the space of forty days and forty nights, at the expiration of which period the Maha Raja, attended by his grandson and several of his sirdars, as well as General Ventura, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakir. The bricks and mud were removed from the outer doorway; the door of the garden-house was next unlocked; and lastly, that of the wooden box containing the fakir: the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture; his legs and arms were pressed to his sides, his legs and thighs crossed. The first step of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this a hot cake of otta (wheat flour) was placed on the crown of his head; a plug of wax was next removed from one of his nostrils, and on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been closely applied to the roof of the mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee (clarified butter). During this part of the proceeding, I could not feel any pulsation at the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter; the eyeballs presented a dim suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation; the pulse became perceptible at the wrist, whilst the unnatural temperature of the body rapidly diminished. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low and feeble as to render them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognised some of the bystanders, and addressed the Maha-Raja, who was seated opposite to him watching all his movements. When the fakir was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. A rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet, and earrings, haubles, and shawls were presented to him. However extraordinary this fact may appear, both to the Europeans and natives, it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain it on physiological principles. The man not only denied his having tasted food or drink, but even maintained that he had stopped the function of respiration during a period of forty days and nights. To all appearance this long fasting had not been productive of its usual effects, as the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner; but this he likewise denied, and piously asserted, that during the whole time he had enjoyed a most delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindoostan, by constant practice, can bring themselves to exist on the smallest portion of food for several days; and it is equally true that, by long training, the same people are able to retain the air in their lungs for some minutes; but how the functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the fakir during the performance of his feat, so far from rendering the latter more wonderful, serves but to hide the means he employs for its accomplishment, and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where his actions may be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them.

Captain Osborne's Court and Camp.

### THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY PETER PARKS.

'Tis midnight!—Like a mighty tomb—  
Wrapt up in mingled light and gloom—  
The city sleeps;—How calm, how still  
How pale and yet how beautiful  
Its placid rest; so hush'd, so mild,  
How like the slumber of a child.

Is this indeed a world I view!—  
Has Life put on Death's chosen hue?—  
Is this a place where living hearts  
Are beating!

Not a whisper starts  
From out the solemn stillness here,  
To bear a life-sound to the ear,—  
No sign of life assures the eye—  
Not ev'n a shadow stealing by—  
Not ev'n a murmur, nor a breath,  
To tell me that it is not death!

In silence creeps the murky air—  
Not ev'n a sigh its wavelets bear,—  
They move like spirits' fingers now,  
So gently o'er my heated brow.

A moment on my cheek they play,  
Print their soft kiss, and steal away.  
In silence, Cynthia's Couriers fly  
Through the blue archway of the sky—  
To all her train, to earth, to heaven,  
The night-queen's cold, chaste smile is given.  
Softly the misty radiance hovers



O'er lonely street, and hall, and bower,  
 And halo's the sweet dew that covers  
 The petals of each drooping flower—  
 Softly yon hills the smile return,  
 And seem to tremble as they burn—  
 And softly on the river lies  
 The glory fallen from the skies.—  
 'Tis beautiful! this liquid light  
 That gushes from the urn of night—  
 'Tis beautiful! the glorious smile  
 That lights the face of earth the while—  
 And thou vast sign of human power—  
 How lovely art thou at this hour;  
 When all thy sons are lulled to sleep,  
 And the sweet stars thy vigils keep!  
 How calmly now thy toilers rest!  
 The sleep that labor wins, is blest—  
 While slumber, like a fiftful cloud,  
 Sweeps coldly o'er the rich and proud.—  
 The lady with the jewel'd brow  
 Is levelled with the beggar now.  
 And meek Humanity and Pride,  
 Virtue and Vice, sleep side by side—  
 Now from the close'd eyelid steals  
 The tear that day's first sunbeam seals—  
 Now groans the conscience that will cease,  
 When morning brings with action peace—  
 Now memory coming on the past,  
 Is toiling skillfully and fast—  
 Now Fame the phantom temple builds.  
 And Hope her fleeting rainbow yields—  
 Now spirits paint the deep obscure  
 With glorious visions for the pure—  
 The maiden feels the languid air  
 Slow-moving through her silken hair,  
 In dreams she feels love's troubled bliss—  
 She fancies 'tis her lover's kiss—  
 Through her warm cheek the blood swift rushes,  
 E'en in her rosy sleep she blushes,  
 And her fair bosom, swelling high,  
 Heaves like a storm-raised ocean billow—  
 From her pure lips, a name, a sigh  
 Float lightly o'er her snowy pillow.—  
 Yes! painted on the deep obscure,  
 Are glorious visions for the pure!  
 The just man, wearied with the world,  
 Sees an Elysium unfurled—  
 Around him now the Angels throng,  
 He hears the choral seraph's song,  
 He meets remembered friends once more  
 Whose voices call him to the shore;  
 And hand in hand with souls forgiven  
 He walks the golden streets of Heaven.—  
 This is indeed the spirit's hour,  
 The time to wield the magic power;  
 It is the hour of visions bright,  
 Of fancies wild and beautiful,  
 When figures formed of air and light,  
 Shadowless and impalpable—  
 Wave their light pinions soft and low,  
 And gather round the poet's brow.  
 But not alone the poet keeps,  
 The midnight vigil silently—  
 And not alone the dreamer weeps,  
 Whose sleep renews his misery—  
 Ah no! yon church-bell's solemn tone  
 Is heard by many a sleepless one;  
 The homeless wretch, with aching brow,  
 And limbs all trembling, wonders now—  
 His glazed eye, glaring round, may fall  
 On many a proud and stately hall  
 Where wealth is heaped and splendor shines,  
 Where man in god-like state reclines,  
 Where man on silken pillows sleeps—  
 On this the wanderer looks,—and weeps—  
 Now tortured sickness wakes and moans,  
 Now hunger lifts its hollow tones;  
 The child of misery, wan and pale,  
 Sends vainly up its feeble wail;  
 Her vigil here the mother keeps,  
 And gazes on her babe—and weeps—  
 Aye! not alone do poets keep  
 The vigil of this solemn time!  
 From shadow on to shadow creep  
 The scowling, sleepless, sons of crime—  
 Now Rapine issues from his den,  
 And steals among the sons of men—  
 Now Murder stalks with muffled breath;  
 Beside him moves the shade of Death—  
 What heart, now beating quick with life  
 Must give its warm blood to the knife?  
 Alas! that in an hour like this,  
 So beautiful, so formed for bliss—  
 Alas that in an hour so blest,  
 When Heaven on earth appears to rest,  
 And balm from Eden downward flows  
 To bless the sleeping world's repose—  
 That mortals, demon-like, should blast  
 The charms, the blessings round them cast—  
 What depths of woe, and sin, and guile,  
 Bright city, lurks beneath thy smile!  
 Thy face is heavenly, but oh!  
 There lies a hideous heart below—  
 What busy brains are working now!

How throbs the anxious student's brow,  
 As in his lonely chamber, he  
 Sits ever watching silently;  
 The racking cough, the frequent sigh,  
 The wild blaze kindled in his eye,  
 His pallid cheek, his rattling breath,  
 Betray the silent march of Death—  
 Yet joy is with the student, he  
 Sits ever watching, silently,  
 And sees mid rolling clouds afar,  
 The lovely, lone, eternal star—  
 Eternal! yes! it fadeth never,  
 The star of Truth must shine forever.—  
 Joy to the student! not in vain  
 He toils in penury and pain—  
 Joy to the student! there shall rise  
 A world's loud plaudits to the skies,  
 As soaring upward, to the gaze  
 Of millions, he that star displays.—  
 Now schemes and plans, with hungry face,  
 The eager applicant for place;  
 The leech for whom his country bleeds,  
 Whom bribes support, or faction feeds—  
 Now with the skill that marks his tribe,  
 He nicely weighs each glittering bribe,  
 Or calculates what station high  
 His threadbare conscience yet may buy.  
 Now many a jealous bosom yearns,  
 As deep the hope of vengeance burns—  
 Now Lust is planning hideous schemes;  
 And bright the eye of Hatred gleams—  
 Now gloats the miser on his gold  
 As o'er and o'er each piece is told;  
 And while the welcome touch he feels,  
 A grim smile o'er his features steals—  
 Now quakes he, as the night-wind shrieks,  
 Or the old, crazy mansion creaks;  
 And the chill pallor of the dead  
 Across his haggard face is spread,  
 When from the crevices about,  
 The lean, starved rats peep wildly out—  
 Now Sin's enchanted sons and daughters  
 Are wasting life's bright golden hours,  
 Now drink they of the deadly waters,  
 And thoughtless pluck the poisoned flowers;  
 The melting music round them flowing,  
 For them has started from the strings;  
 For them voluptuous lips are glowing,  
 And rosy wine, delight bestowing,  
 For them in sparkling beauty springs;  
 For them the fatal snare is lurking.  
 Despair awaits that giddy throng—  
 Beneath their feet, their doom is working;  
 And death-strains mingle with their song.  
 Still o'er the whirlpool circling here,  
 The stars are shining soft and clear—  
 There's crime, and wretchedness, and woe,  
 And ceaseless, whirling strife below—  
 Above, in yon sweet calm, is given  
 An earnest of the future Heaven—  
 Farewell! my brain will watch no more—  
 I too will seek the phantom shore—  
 Spirit of dreams, receive my soul!  
 Around me let thy scenery roll!  
 Farewell! ye ministers of light—  
 And thou, soft-gleaming moon, good night!

New York, May, 1845.

### THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.  
CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE RESCUE.

The duty on which Captain Neville was ordered had something of the hardship and the peril of military life. It was one of those inexplicable derangements to which the course of human affairs is so often subjected, that he should have been sent on such a duty at the moment when a father was about to be made known to him, and his right to an honoured heritage ensured. But so it was.

There was a mountain pass, at which a small military party, a detachment from the Clonmel garrison, had been stationed, and had proved very serviceable in arresting the progress of crime and disorder in the neighbourhood. It was accordingly very unacceptable to the lawless. So much was to be expected. The ruffian act of two of the party filled up the measure of its unpopularity, rendering it universally odious. All shared in the hatred which two had provoked. Estrangement of the people from the little out post first told of the indignation how general it was. A difficulty of procuring provisions soon began to be felt; aggression was experienced if a soldier were seen alone; and the party at length felt itself in the condition of a garrison in a hostile country, and in a state of siege.

The commander, a non-commissioned officer, knew neither the extent of his danger nor the obligations of his duty; and it was not till the aspect of things around him became extremely threatening, that he reported to head quarters the difficulty of his position. It was then too late.

The rapidity with which intelligence is conveyed through extensive districts in Ireland, among those who are set in opposition to the law, has often been made a subject of inquiry, and has never been satisfactorily explained. It may abate a little the admiration and surprise with which it has been regarded, to know that it has been long coming to perfection. During our calamitous civil wars the difficulty of providing for their troops frequently constrained the anti-Anglican party to disembody whole regiments, and disperse the individual soldiers of which they were composed, over the country, wheresoever their convenience or inclination carried them. The regiments thus disembodied were not disbanded. Each soldier was taught that he continued subject to military law—places were appointed, where, from time to time, the whole regiment



was to re-assemble—signals were agreed on, by which, under unusual circumstances, extraordinary meetings could be held; and, provided that the summons to such assemblies was obeyed, and due appearance made at the place of rendezvous, every soldier was at liberty to pass the interval in such wise as seemed most meet to him.

This was a practice dictated by necessity, convenient to an army in want of stores and necessities of life, exceedingly detrimental no doubt, to the character of soldiers, but admirably adapted to the training up of marauders on a scale so extended as to prove most pernicious to the country. Into every house where the soldier on furlough received a temporary shelter, there were introduced stirring narratives of adventurous life, and the spirit which they generate. Rapine and murder became, in some degree, legitimised, and rendered respectable, when perpetrated under the pretext of military license. What soldiers would do, acting in their collective capacity, they would not hesitate to do when they acted as individuals, with military authority. What they did, others were taught, by their precept and example, to imitate. And thus habits of idleness, and adventure, and crime, were spread over the whole face of the land. The facilities, too, for a life of disorder were increased. Secret passes, byeways, fords—through mountain, morass, and river, became known to the party, who used their knowledge to the detriment of the public peace; and instead of a single regiment at military command in the field of battle, a whole population became enlisted and disciplined into the rendering of services to the cause of disorder, and furnished with facilities for their evil work, by which they too often baffled the strength and wisdom of government.

The practice of recruiting for the French army aggravated the evil. This was an offence sometimes connived at by the government, sometimes punished or prevented. But whether overlooked or opposed, it was persevered in. Emissaries of France, to whom the name Wild Geese was given, were constantly raising levies in Ireland; and as their trade thrived best when the French army was desirable as an escape from the gallows, it may naturally be supposed that they were not supine in the efforts to keep the country in a state of disorder. It often happened, too, that when a party was on the point of leaving their native land, and all things ready for their departure, they signalled the time of their escape by some atrocity, which was, as it were, the first offering to the government, henceforth entitled to claim their services.

The report received from the services had prompt attention paid to it at headquarters. Carleton was sent off to take the command, and to strengthen the garrison; and received such instructions respecting the duty on which he was sent as his superior officer could furnish him with. The application for aid was received after nine o'clock on a summer evening, and before midnight Neville's party were in the vicinity of the mountain barrack.

While they were yet on their way, and in a direct line near the station, although by the road winding through intervening hills, it was more distant, they could hear plainly enough the sounds of conflict. Shouts of rage or triumph reached their ears; and frequent discharges of fire-arms rung out boisterously in oft-repeated mountain echoes.

"Forward, forward, men!" cried Neville, "our comrades are sore pressed. Sound trumpet—a loud flourish—they may hear it at the barrack. Forward!" cried he, pressing his own fine charger to a more rapid pace, and followed with ardour by his troop.

Riding at a furious pace through a pass where the hills rose so steeply on each side of the way, that the shrubs which projected from a rocky soil on one side extended to the other, forming a leafy arch over their heads, which shut out the heavens, and deepened the gloom of night along the road, they emerged into an open space, which surrounding hills formed into a species of amphitheatre. All objects were terribly visible in the blaze of the burning barrack: a rustic bridge, and the mountain stream it spanned—a road beyond, on which the forms of men were seen—some in rapid retreat, some betaking themselves to the thickets which skirted the way—all hastening to concealment.

If Neville, at first thought, would have pursued the fugitives, sounds reached him from the barrack, which drew his attention thither.

"The stables have taken fire," said he, "and these are the horses in their extremity. Corporal, take four men with you and make one or two of those fellows on the road prisoners—but do not go beyond the first turn of the road."

He commanded a halt as the corporal's division rode off, and the remainder of the party drew up at the barrack.

The besieged had been reduced to sore extremity. Their ammunition was expended, and the roof was already falling in. One of the party was lying dead, and two badly wounded, while the blood, copiously spilled before the entrance, and marking the way all down to the bridge, was a fearful witness that the assailants had also suffered. The service on which the corporal was sent proved abortive. He found the bridge occupied by carts and paling, through which a way had to be made for his party. When they reached the point at which they were commanded to return, all within sight was still and solitary. When they returned to the barracks they found soldiers and officers busy in the labour of extricating the horses from their burning abode. They were saved, but it was impossible to save the building. Whatever could be rescued from the fire was removed. The wounded men, and the dead body were laid on beds in the space before the barrack; the best contrivances in their power were adopted to screen the sufferers from the cold of night, and a corporal's guard was sent to report the disaster at headquarters.

Early in the morning Neville received orders to withdraw the party from a place where it had no longer a shelter, carts were sent to bring off the stores which had been saved; and a surgeon attended to offer assistance to the wounded.

It was in a few days after this occurrence at the close of a splendid evening, that, after a very fatiguing day's work, Neville and his party were returning with prisoners to a little encampment which had been formed among the mountains, as a temporary accommodation, until a more permanent shelter could be provided for them. The party consisted of the officer and ten men; their prisoners were two. These men hand-cuffed and bound together, walked in the midst of their guards. The horses were blown after many a chase in difficult ground during the day, and the men were as anxious to reach their halting-place, as wearied, hungry, thirsty men could well be expected to be.

The march, heavily as the tired horses trode, was reasonably well performed while it lay through the open parts of the mountain. When a long and narrow pass was to be entered, it was necessary to make a new disposition of the force. The men were now obliged, in obedience to the necessities of the ravine, to march two abreast, two riding a little in advance, and two at a short distance closing in the rear. The prisoners were no longer guarded on either

side, but as they walked in the centre of the line of march, they were fastened by strong cords from their fetters to the saddles of the troopers who rode after them.

When the party had penetrated so far into the defile, that the opening by which they entered it was no longer visible, while before them in like manner it extended as far as their sight could range; one of the rear-guard rode up to the captain, and touching his helmet, said—"I am come to report sir, that two large trees, one from each side of the pass have fallen at the same spot and make the road impassable."

"Corporal," said Neville, "you must have the prisoners mounted behind some of the men, and push on at our best speed—rear guard close in."

While these movements were being made, Carleton's attention was called to a boy whom he now perceived standing on a stile near him, opening into the thicket on the hill.

"Captain," said he, "I have a message to you."

"Come with it to the camp, sir."

"Them that sent me say you'll have time enough to hear it, before you'll get there."

And the advanced guard returned at a gallop to announce that the road was blocked up.

"To the front, corporal—clear the road."

"Captain," said the boy; "there's them in the woods on the both sides o' you, would wish that ye'd lave the prisoners here—and they'll let you out with a heart and a half."

The matter began to look serious.

"Prisoners," said Neville "the moment any attempt is made to rescue you, you shall be put to death—soldiers remember, your first aim is to be the prisoners. Go tell your masters boy, that if we are to leave the prisoners here, it will be their dead bodies we leave. Forward, men."

A discharge of fire-arms from the wood was the answer, and three saddles were emptied. The dragoons fired in return, but, as they saw no object at which to take aim, with little effect. In the discharge from the wood, it was evident, careful aim had been taken, else the prisoners might not have escaped. The order to cut them down was just about to issue from Neville's lips, when a cry came from the front that the obstacle had been removed. "Forward," said the captain, and all rode rapidly on leaving three companions wounded or dead behind them. The firing ceased from the woods, but loud cheering passed on more rapidly than the charger's hoofs, and as the party emerged from the pass into a more open space, they found a multitude, armed with various implements of offence, ready to receive them.

Although the ground was somewhat open, it was not a place where cavalry could act with effect; it was rocky and broken, while fragments of timber scattered about in all directions completed the impediments which the nature of the ground afforded. In an instant, a rude assault was made on the party; they fought desperately to cut their way through the tumult; many fell under their swords, but still the many prevailed. The prisoners were rescued; the two soldiers, their keepers, killed; some one or two had escaped, and at last Neville was left alone, fighting.

His last hour seemed to have come. One of his assailants rushed upon him with a large knife, and when his thrust was parried, plunged the deadly weapon in the body of the horse. In the same instant, Neville's sword descending upon his neck, severed the head from his body. Both horse and man fell together. The young soldier extricated himself, although not without receiving severe wounds, and stood on his defence, having no thought but of selling his life dearly—as dearly as increasing weakness would admit; and he was about to be engaged in conflict with an enemy who would task his unbroken strength.

During the fiercest struggle of the *mêlée* he had observed one of the attacking party, distinguished by force and ferocity above all the others. In stature he towered in the throng, and his fleshless ungainly form, acquiring something of a terrible grace when the awkward and ill-shapen limbs were exhibited in the exercise of their uncommon strength, as well as the malignant face and its uncouth features, brought back to Neville's mind the tutor, the detected spy in the house of Mr. Derinzy. In the same moment he, too, recognized Neville as an enemy and a victim, and uttered a short cry of exaltation. He did not immediately precipitate himself upon him, but bounded into the air and brandished his dreadful weapon, a long scythe, covered and dripping, as were his naked arms, with blood; and there was something of fiendish malignity in the manner in which he looked from the victim whom in thought he had already immolated, to the weapon by which the sacrifice was to be completed. After a moment spent thus, the ruffian deliberately approached the dreadful weapon to his lips and kissed it; then crying out, "prepare your soul for the place where it's to go," he sprang upon the young soldier, who, bleeding from many wounds, and faint, stood dauntless to meet him.

#### CHAPTER XXIV—THE HERMIT.

In that moment, when Neville awaited his death-struggle, a cry was heard of so extraordinary tone and power, that the exasperated multitude paused as if it had command over them; and there was seen, on a rock near where Neville stood at bay to die, an apparition such as might well confirm the effect which the singular voice had produced. It was a man of tall stature, bare-headed with long grey hair, and floating beard reaching to his breast. A loose garment covered him, fastened by a cord at the waist, and showing his legs uncovered, and his feet undefended except by sandals. In one hand he held a long staff, on which he leaned; a chaplet of beads—terminating at the extremity which he held, in a silver crucifix, was in the other hand. This he stretched forth over the multitude, and addressed them in the same tone in which he had already given notice of his presence, and, as Neville correctly imagined, in the Irish language.

The effect of his discourse could scarcely be described; the combatants of a few brief minutes since were awestruck; they bowed themselves to the earth, beat upon their breasts, groaned under the impression of his words, and not a few of them were to be seen weeping tears such as women shed in their sorrows. It is needless to say that not an arm was raised against Neville.

He, however, had suffered severely. He was bleeding profusely at more than one wound, and manifestly sinking from weakness. The spirit that would have sustained him in actual conflict, parted from him when it seemed no longer called for, in the moment of deliverance, and left him to the feebleness induced by weariness and wounds. His vision became obscure; his limbs could no longer sustain his fainting weight, and after every struggle he could make, endeavouring to support himself by clinging to a tree against which he had meant to place his back, he sunk to the ground beside the dead charger, in a state of insensibility.

The stranger bent over him, and seemed to examine his wounds for some time with calm attention. "He is not dead," said he to himself, "nor are those hurts likely to prove fatal. He must not be left to die here." He then



cast his eyes around the field of slaughter, as it might well be named. Three soldiers only had escaped; seven lay dead and mutilated, so that their dearest friends could not recognize them. The vengeance of their assailants was most savage, indulging itself in thus brutally dishonouring the remains of the vanquished. Nor had the soldiers fallen unavenged. Many of their assailants lay dead or wounded around them; some with skulls cloven to the teeth; some holding up the bleeding stumps, from which hands or arms had been lopped—In this scene of horror Neville lay, insensible, although still living.

How to dispose of him seemed to occasion much embarrassment. To abandon him there, was to be his murderer. To remove him to any neighbouring house, or to bear him to the camp, was to incur danger of military violence and persecution. There was a little country inn, at about two miles distance, and so much nearer to the encampment. Thither the stranger finally determined that Neville should be removed, and a message was to be sent on thence to the military station, apprising the party of their officer's condition. While he was devising this plan, some of Neville's late assailants were busy in preparing a rude litter, on which they spread the cloaks of his fallen soldiers, and, at the stranger's command, laid his body, still insensible, upon it, and raised him upon their shoulders with as much tenderness and concern for his safety as if it had been, not an enemy, but one of their own companions, whose life was committed to their care.

Leaving Neville with the few whose services were required for his escort, the stranger enjoined those who remained to remove the dead and wounded of their own party, and to disperse; providing for their safety with all the care necessary for guarding against the measures to be taken for the re-apprehension of the prisoners, and the punishment of their deliverers.

The multitude had gathered around him, as he gave these instructions. When he ceased speaking, all bent their knees to the ground, imploring that he would bless them. It was a strange sight; men who had just imbrued their hands in human blood; who had with worse than the ferocity of tigers, raged barbarously against the cold remains of the dead, were now subdued into the attitude of religious adoration, and with murderous hands clasped in prayer, while yet reeking from their crime, were asking, not pardon, but blessing; offering, perhaps, as a sacrifice worthy to be accepted, their recent slaughter, and meekly suing for sign or assurance of approbation, in a confusion of feeling, which distinguished but imperfectly between the unseen Author of Good, and the being before them, clothed in a mortal form, whom they regarded as God's commissioned and accredited delegate.

As the multitude knelt, a movement became discernable among the bodies which covered the plain. Some of the wounded strove to rise and drag themselves to a share of the blessing. There was a pause while they approached, then strong men left the circle to assist them; and others, whose wounds had utterly disabled them, were lifted up and carried with gentle care to the inner part of the circle.

In the centre stood the stranger—his tall figure grandly erect; his face upturned, his arms spread, and his lips moving in silent prayer; around him the almost adoring multitude; the strong kneeling, lifting up their hands to heaven, or almost fiercely smiting their breast; the wounded and bleeding supported by some thoughtful friends, or lying stretched within the circle, and here and there a ghastly visage, from which life seemed in the act of departing, and on which a lurid light of fanaticism imparted a more awful character to the shadows of approaching death.

In the group the stranger stood for a moment, silent, with elevated looks, then bowing his head and turning his eyes all around, he pronounced, in the Irish language, a blessing, and stretched his hands in all directions over the circle. This done, he moved forward to depart; an ample opening was made for him by the kneeling group; he passed through it, and, without looking back, pursued his way by a path through the wood which led over the surrounding hills.

Scarcely had he disappeared into the thicket when a loud cheer reached him; he did not, however, pause on his way, or seek an explanation of it. He understood his countrymen too well, and was not surprised at the revolutions of feeling by which they are affected. The religious access had had its moment. The blessing was received, the troubled hearts at rest and rejoicing; and the same arms that were lately engaged in action of prayer, and the voices murmuring sounds of religious ecstasy, were now free for manifestations of more profane excitement. Shout upon shout of exultation pierced the sky, and arms were thrown up brandishing weapons covered with blood, and ready for a bloody contest again. The excitement did not continue long. The superabundant vitality, if such an expression may be used, of the animated group exhausted itself, and, in the course of a few minutes the injunctions of the stranger were remembered and executed. Dead and dying were removed; the multitude dispersed, and the field of blood was left deserted, except by the terrible monuments of vengeance it exhibited in the mangled forms of the soldiers.

Meanwhile, the stranger had crested the hill, and was descending upon a region, which, although little distant from a frequent road, was unknown to all but those acquainted with the secret paths which conducted safely through copses elsewhere impervious, and morasses which afforded no other secure footing. After pursuing these paths for some short time, he emerged from it upon the strand of a lake which nature seemed to have concealed on all sides so effectually that it became visible only in the moment when one had reached its margin.

It was a scene of rare solemnity and beauty. The placid water was embosomed in a semicircular amphitheatre, regular as if it had been scooped out of the mountain of rock which composed it, the crags, of a height, which, from their perpendicular direction, seemed of stupendous altitude, were worthy to be the retreat of the royal birds who made in them their eyrie, and to whose cry their echoes often responded—and the lake they sheltered from storm and almost from sun, in its unruffled stillness, and the faint murmur upon its strand more like breathing than any ruder sound, had a character of patient and thoughtful tranquillity, which the heart felt as a mystery.

As soon as the stranger came in sight, a boat which appeared at a little distance, approached the strand to receive him; and then put out again to cross the lake. To one who looked around from the point at which the boat had come to land, it would seem that a wall of rock, naked, except where, here and there, a tree or hardy shrub showed itself as it were to proclaim the fecundity of life, so closed in the water as not to admit of any egress. The mountain enclosure was indeed such a wall, except at one little spot undistinguishable until it was actually reached, and at that spot the boat speedily arrived, and returned from it without delay, having disembarked its austere passenger.

The opening at which the stranger landed, showed a narrow passage to the

left hand between the mountain and a natural rampart of rock sufficiently apart to allow the passage of a human body. At a little distance, and under cover of this protection a cave opened into the mountain. Here the stranger entered—none but himself dare enter into it unbidden. The lake had its legend of fear. The boatman who guided his little cot over its dark water, had a courageous heart—but even he would not venture to approach the cave. It was a hermitage, which solemn influences of the place itself, and the mental ascendancy of its awe-inspiring occupant, invested with a guardian horror.

For him it had no horror—no sacredness—no mystery. Before him as he entered, in a deep recess, stood an altar, with a crucifix of large dimensions in dark wood, standing upon it, and no mark of homage was offered to either. For a moment the hermit paused at the entrance, then closed the door of the cell, the only orifice through which light was admitted, and stood in utter darkness. Providing himself with a light for which the materials were at hand, he advanced into the recess with much irreverence, and stepping upon the altar, placed one hand on the crown of thorns on the crucifix, which he pressed strongly down, and with the point of his staff forced up an eye painted on the roof of rock above him. Springs, it appeared, were concealed under these images, for, immediately, what seemed solid rock over his head rolled back, and an aperture became visible large enough to admit of his pressing through. He had been hitherto in a stooping posture, but now stood erect, holding up the light within the aperture through which he had passed his head and arm. Satisfied in his researches and still using the altar for a convenient resting place, he raised himself from it through the orifice overhead, and governing the machinery, of which, it is seen, he knew the secret, closed again the passage, and restored all things in the cell to their previous appearance.

His next cares were given to himself. He laid down his grey hairs and flowing beard, and the large dark eyebrows of which the commanding arches met together, removed some little touches of the pencil, which gave the effect of an ascetic pallor to his countenance, adding considerably to the amount of years which would otherwise have been assigned him. He divested himself also of his robe, which, with the staff, and beads, and other properties of his part, he laid up in a chest prepared for them; and covering himself with a thick cloak, entered, with a light in his hand, into a narrow passage, cut principally by nature, but a little with the assistance of art, through the heart of the mountain. After continuing his way for perhaps a quarter of an hour, sometimes walking erect, sometimes stooping low, where there was little more than room for drawing his body along with a crawling motion, the passage and his toilsome progress terminated. He paused for a few seconds, listening attentively, then, touching a spring, obtained entrance into a darkened dressing-room, by a door which closed as soon as he had passed through, and bore the appearance of a large looking-glass.

Here the stranger speedily attired himself, and passing through the bed-chamber to which this dressing apartment was attached, entered from it into a library of well-furnished shelves, and somewhat spacious dimensions. If he visited this chamber for purposes of study, his intentions were frustrated. In the moment of his entrance a thundering summons was ringing out at his door, and in the next moment he heard himself inquired for with an earnestness and importunity which, engaged as he had lately been, would have disturbed men of less steady nerve. It merely interrupted him, and awakened his attention. The occasion of the interruption was of so much importance, that it demands explanation.

The soldiers who escaped from the day's disorder, made their way, with the speed of fear, to the encampment, and, at their report, a party was ordered out, with which, mounted on fresh horses, the bearers of evil tidings rode as guides.

Neville's bearers had not reached half the distance at which their journey was to terminate, when from the summit of a commanding hill, they saw this party on a road beneath riding rapidly towards them. Without a moment's thought or delay, they took to the hill side and the wood, leaving their burden on the road, where, shortly after, his enraged and distressed soldiers found him.

By this time Neville had recovered consciousness, although he was unable to speak, and was evidently suffering much. Short time could be, in the emergency, bestowed upon him.

"Sergeant," said the officer in command, "I leave four men with you until our return." The party rode forward.

"What are we to do, sir, for Captain Neville? There's a good-looking house on the hill, we have just passed it."

"Aye, that may do. Probably the fellows we saw were bearing him there, and fled at the sight of us. A bad character," continued he musingly, "we must have, when men are afraid to be caught by ourselves in the act of doing us a service. Yes, sergeant, go with my compliments, say that an officer of the Light Horse has been badly wounded, and we beg the hospitalities of the house for him. Forward."

The sergeant, directing the men to leave their horses in charge of a porter at the gate, and then returned to take up the litter, rode on, and delivered his message. It was of a nature which could not be refused, and accordingly, in less than half an hour the wounded soldier was reclining in the best bed-room of the house, and soothed with such appliances as the house-keeper, a skilful nurse, could administer.

The stranger who had performed so singular a part, and appeared in so opposite characters during the day, was seated in his library, after having paid the due attention to his involuntary and unlooked for guest. His daughter, just returned from a ramble through the woods, was hearing from him an explanation of the disorder in which she had found his quiet mansion, and inquiring with the interest of a benevolent nature into the condition of the wounded man, when her maid entered to say that the housekeeper begged to speak with her. The agitation and distress of the girl, in delivering the message, was such, that it seemed to admit of but one interpretation.

"Is he dead," said the master of the house, as his daughter arose to obey the summons.

A faint negative was the reply, and the door of the library closed.

"What is the matter," said the young lady, "I never saw you so troubled before."

"Oh, miladi, if you know who was here. You do not know."

"No Annette, how should I know?"

"Venez, mademoiselle, come with me into your chambre à coucher."

There, Annette disclosed to Madeline, that the wounded, and perhaps dying soldier under her father's roof was the object of her first and only love.—And thus, for the first time since he had been taken from it an infant, Neville entered the house of his fathers.



## HILDEBRAND.

From the last Edinburgh Review.—(Continued.)

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of Papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the Emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbours—and that the Papacy had flourished under the shelter of the Imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the Imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the Papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the Pope himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succour of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of 'The Great Countess,' ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelf of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate enquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schools for scandal preceded, as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's 'Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks,' is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seem not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the Papacy. Six aged Popes successively acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illustrious a trophy of their genius or of their valour.

The life of Matilda is told by Donizzone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Æneonian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her somnolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which, but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanour, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthesilea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austere, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly counsellors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French, and

German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donizzone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the Pontiffs and Sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

'Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;  
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris.'

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the 'Corpus Juris Civilis,' and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the 'Canon Law,' and to write a commentary on the 'Psalms of David.' Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her equality in such studies with the most learned of the Bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world's glory, she laboured with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of 'the rich,' by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as 'the powerful;' since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Reckless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labour in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the Imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his Imperial state, and exiled him from the society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the Church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of Prelates, William the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colours, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a Pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the Church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled Synod, he then pronounced his excommunication.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He did self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience. Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the Emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly-irritated Pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confined to their custody. Otto appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great Princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carolingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon Insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard Bishops to concur in the excommunication denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity. Though repelled by Otto, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the Empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favour of a Monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their Sovereign. The Imperialists mournfully acknowledged that



their chief was justly condemned. The Papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial, Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, Bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the Mayor of the Palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had threatened to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the emperor held his crown at the will of the Apostle. Every king was one of the 'sheep' whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the 'things' which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crossier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the Episcopal transcend the Imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal Bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling Sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant King, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of Pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last Papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new Emperor, and assured them of the Apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the Diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighbouring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the Church was regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continual intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknighly indignities inflicted on his person, might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the Diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold a Diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spire, with the Imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the Papacy and the Empire had been inverted, and Churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spire.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honour had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy,

after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spire in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the Church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of Head of the Empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighbouring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the South, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spire to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the Emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the naughty Pontiff humbled, of the See of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg. In personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the Papal progress; and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the Emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she any thing to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favourite residence of the Great Countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German Emperor himself, not the leader of the renowned host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest Monarch? His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the Apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepid age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the Papal Court would scarcely have ventured to describe as a serious act of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise, the base indignities to which the Pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to its bitterest dregs the cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the Emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a harred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest Princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the Emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as woman and as monarch feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the Diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the Pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant Priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart



of the Emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the Sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the Man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by shame and ill suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the Vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till midnight this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigour of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor, nor was it till the unhappy Monarch had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighbouring convent, that the Pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial Majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, 'from the terrible grace of whose countenance,' we are told, 'the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning.' Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting Pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic See; to assign his crown if that judgment should be unfavourable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several Prelates and Princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all Bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded Emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the Tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Caesar, of Charlemagne, and of Otto had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the smiling bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary—"Behold!" exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy Monarch—"behold the body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!" Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. "And now," he exclaimed, turning once more on the awestricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften; "if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord."

That in open contradiction to his recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge was obviously impossible. He trembled, and evaded it. At length when his wounded spirit, and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her Ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their Sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms His Holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the Apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian Synods. They denied the authority of the Emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonoured head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant, Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to

depose the proud Churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Francan line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.—[Remainder next week.]

### MESMERISM IN SIBERIA.

The following account of a kind of divination practised among the pagan or semi-pagan tribes of Siberia, is given by Matjuschkin, an officer in the Russian service, who went with Wrangel on the Polar expedition, in 1820:—

We travelled the whole day along the bank of the Tabalog, without meeting with a trace of human habitation. Towards evening an ice-cold, sleety rain came on, with a violent wind, which, in a short time so thoroughly wetted me, that I longed to light upon some Jurta (so the hovels of the natives are called) where I could find shelter, and fire to dry my dripping clothes. I asked the guide if there was no house in the neighbourhood. "No," said he; "no Jurta far or near, except the great devil's Jurta in the Murder Wood." On my begging for more particular information as to the localities bearing names so ominous, he related to me the following:—

At the time of the conquest of Siberia, a battle was fought in these parts between the united tribes of the Tungusians and Jakuts and the Russians. The former retreated into a wood consecrated to their gods; the Schamans (their priests) came to their help with enchantments, and they vanquished the Russians and cut them to pieces. Since this time the wood was known by the name of the Murder Wood; the ghosts of the slaughtered Russians were believed to haunt it, and it was held very dangerous to venture within its precincts by night, and still more to approach the Jurta which lay buried in its central depth.

"Come," said I, on hearing this narrative, "as the spirits that infest the wood are Russians, they will certainly do no harm to me, who am here on the service of the emperor, nor to you, who are under my protection; we may therefore strike in without fear, and make the great Jurta our quarters for the night." With these words, I turned into the wood, which skirted our road on the right.

The two Jakuts prayed and begged me, with quaking limbs and voices broken with terror, not to fling myself (they meant not to fling *them*) so wantonly into the jaws of the devil; but I bid them hold their tongues, and pushed on farther into the wood.

It was not long until we came upon a kind of beaten path, and I saw to my no small satisfaction at some distance a column of smoke rising into the black night, reddied by the glow of the fire that produced it. "There are men!" exclaimed I with joy, for I had calculated at most on the comfortless shelter of a deserted hut. My Cossack did not seem to share in my exultation. "It is the devil's smithy!" was his muttered exclamation.

Impatient to reach the fire, which, for a poor devil wet and stiff with cold as I was, had an attraction irresistible, I made on as fast as the darkness and the tangled branches would let me. At length I stand before a large Jurta; the thick smoke that passes out at every aperture, above and at the sides, together with a confused noise of voices from within, advertises me that it is not without tenants. I dismount, tie my horse to a tree, and am hastening to the door of the hut, (my Jakuts, their fears proving too strong for their zeal in my service, had dropped behind, and were I know not where,) when on a sudden the reindeer skin, with which the entrance is hung, is thrust aside, and a savage crowd of Tungusians, fright, wonder, and rage expressed in their features and gestures, rush out. The figures really did not look unlike devils.

Any show of irresolution or alarm at this moment would have been dangerous, perhaps fatal to me. Greeting them, therefore, in their own language, and unceremoniously thrusting aside those who were immediately in my way, I stepped into the Jurta. The wild people seemed for a moment undecided whether to knock me on the head or not, when a gray-headed savage stepping forward out of the midst of them, recognised me for an old acquaintance, and declared himself bail for my peaceable intentions. In confirmation of his testimony in my favour, I acquainted them that I had in my saddle-bags some prime Circassian tobacco, as well as a couple of bottles of brandy, destined expressly (heaven forgive me the lie!) for a present to the good company whom I had beforehand calculated on meeting at the Jurta. Nothing could exceed the good humour which this information produced; and now I learned what was the object of their coming together—namely, to witness the enchantments of a Schaman, or priest of their demons, whom they had among them, and to avail themselves of his oracular knowledge in their respective concerns.

I could now take a leisurely survey of the scene before me. In the middle of the Jurta burned a bright fire, round which was formed a circle of skins, being those of the black wild sheep of the country. Upon these a Schaman walked in measured, rhythmic steps, round and round the fire, muttering his enchantments in an under tone. His hair, long, black, matted, covered almost the whole of his face, which was bloated and of a livid red; his eyebrows were bristly, and his eyes glittered with an unearthly light from between their bleared lids. He wore a sort of long tunic or cassock of skins, hung from top to bottom with straps, amulets, chains, bells, bits of iron and copper, &c.; in the right hand he held a tambourine, in like manner garnished with bells; in the left an unstrung bow. I never saw an aspect more frightfully savage, nor one more calculated to excite feelings of horror and disgust. The assembly sat silent, in the profoundest attention. By degrees the fire in the middle of the Jurta went out, not wholly, but so that the red embers still threw a doubtful light on the objects nearest to the hearth, while those farther off were half lost in a mysterious clear obscure; the Schaman threw himself on the ground, and after he had lain about five minutes without motion, he broke out into a sort of doleful wailing, a hollow or suppressed cry, which sounded less like a single human voice than like the confused roar of a distant multitude, swelling and coming nearer on the wind. Some one present now fanned the fire again into a blaze, and as the flame leaped up, the Schaman sprang from the ground, set his bow upright on one end, and holding it with his hand, and leaning his forehead on the other end, he began, first slowly, then by degrees with more and more speed, to run round and round the bow in a circle.

When the whirling had lasted so long that my own brains whirled with the mere looking on, suddenly he stood still, without a sign of giddiness, and began to make strange and complicated motions with his hands, as if tracing



various figures in the air; then in a kind of inspiration of rapture he snatched up his drum, beat it, as I thought I could perceive, after a certain melody, while he leaped about as in a frantic dance, now faster, now slower, and contorted his body with inconceivable rapidity in the strangest manner; in particular, his head was an object of amazement to me, turning itself incessantly and with such velocity that it seemed like a ball whirled round at the end of a string.

During all these operations the Schaman had smoked some pipes of the most pungent Circassian tobacco with a certain avidity, and between one pipe and another swallowed brandy, both being handed to him from time to time on signals which he gave. This and the spinning round must at length have made him giddy, for he now fell suddenly to the ground, and lay as if without life. Two of those present hereupon sprang towards him, and began to whet a pair of great knives against each other close to his head: this seemed to bring him again to himself; he began anew to utter the strange wailing cry, and to move his limbs slowly and convulsively. The two knife bearers now raised him from the ground and planted him on his feet. His look was something horrid: the eyes stood motionless, strained, as if bursting out of his head; the whole face was swollen and flushed in a frightful manner; he seemed to be in a state of entire unconsciousness, and except a slight quivering of the whole body, there was visible about him for some minutes no sign of life. At length he seemed to awake out of his stupor; with the right hand laid upon his brow, he swung the magic drum with the left swiftly about his head, and then let it sink to the earth, a sign, as the by-standers declared to me, that he was in a state of plenary inspiration, and qualified to give oracular responses.

I approached him: he stood there, stark as a corpse without motion, his face and his lips devoid of all expression of life; and neither my questions nor his own answers, which were given without a moment's delay or deliberation, produced the slightest alteration in his features. I questioned him about the course and issue of our expedition, of which certainly neither he nor any one else in the company had even the remotest conception, and he answered every one of my questions, somewhat in the oracle style it is true, but still with a kind of assurance and decision, from which one would have concluded that he was familiar as well with the object of my journey as with its minor circumstances. Here are some of the questions I put to him, and his answers, as nearly as I recollect, word for word.

"How long will our journey last?"

"About three years."

"Shall we accomplish anything?"

"More than is expected by those from whom you come."

"Shall we all continue in health?"

"All, thyself excepted; yet thou wilt have no sickness."

I asked him, among other things, how matters were going with one of our company (Lieutenant Anjou) of whom I had not heard for some time.

He answered, "He is not three days' journey from Balun, where he has encountered a terrible storm on the Lena, and has not without great difficulty escaped with his life."

This afterwards proved to be true.

Many of his answers were so obscure (I might say poetical) that none of my dragomans were able to interpret them: they pronounced these utterances to be in the high speech, or, as it is here called "fable-speech."

All the curious in the assembly having in turn been satisfied, the Schaman again fell down, and remained about a quarter of an hour lying on the ground in the most violent contortions and inward convulsions; they told me the devils were now going out of him. At last all was over, the Schaman stood up, and upon his countenance lay the expression of bewilderment and surprise, with which a man awaking out of a profound sleep finds himself in the midst of a numerous company. He gazed on all present in turn: in particular, I seemed to fix his attention, and he had quite the appearance of becoming now for the first time aware of my presence. I addressed myself to him, and requested an explanation of some of his obscurer oracles; he regarded me with looks of astonishment, and shook his head in silence, as if he had never heard anything of the kind.

I now produced the brandy and tobacco I had promised them; and, their spirits rising and their confidence increasing under the genial influence of these pledges of friendship, I soon became the centre of as much attention, and was assailed with as many questions, as the Schaman had been a short time before. The women and girls asked eagerly what was the meaning of the expression, "large blue eyes." The whole company, and in particular the Schaman, who in his ecstasy had described the object of my affections as having large blue eyes, manifested the liveliest wonder at learning that there were human beings with such, they having no idea of other eyes than the little black ones, characteristic of the Tungusians.

Some days after my adventure in the devil's Jurt, I reached a little settlement of Jakuts. In one of their Jurtas I lighted on a Schaman, whom I immediately distinguished by his fixed, blood-shot eyes, and by his ochreous complexion. I requested him to give me a specimen of his art; for a long time he resisted my wishes, under the pretext that he had not all his divining apparatus at hand; but at last the promise of brandy and tobacco had its usual effect, and he prepared for the operation. Seeing him about to begin, the eldest daughter of the family approached me, and begged anxiously that I would relinquish my purpose, and send the diviner away.

"Why so?" demanded I.

She made no answer, but her brother told me that there dwelt devils in his sister, which tormented her grievously as soon as the Schaman began his conjuration: it was only a pity, he added, that his sister was not a man, as in that case she would certainly have been a distinguished Schaman; as it was, he begged me to spare her the dreadful sufferings which these orgies occasioned her, when held in her neighbourhood. All this only augmented my curiosity, and I bid the Schaman proceed. In a few minutes the young lady became disturbed, turning now pale, now red. At length the symptomatic blood-sweat, which, in the true Schaman always denotes the moment of crises, appeared on her face, and she fell deprived of consciousness to the ground. I was alarmed, and bid the Schaman desist, but it was too late; he was no longer master of himself. The enchantment once begun, he was carried along as by an irresistible current; and, as I turned him out of the Jurt, he went on with his leaps and his contortions in the snow and frost, without seeming at all sensible of the change of place and temperature. In the mean time, the girl lay there as if petrified; on a sudden, convulsions seized her, she shrieked, wrung her hands, leaped in the same manner as the Schaman, and sang unintelligible words. This lasted a little while, after which she sank down again.

\* Matjuschkin afterwards got a cut in the thumb, which, in consequence of the frost, gave him a good deal of trouble; but his general health, as well as that of the rest of the party, continued unaffected.

and fell into a deep and quiet sleep. When she awoke about an hour after, she was quite well, and knew nothing of what had taken place, except that the Schaman had begun to cite spirits.

The father and the brother of the girl assured me that from her childhood the Schamans have had an extraordinary influence upon her; when the conjuration goes on without interruption to the end, she also comes into a state of perfect Schamanism, and delivers oracular answers touching future, remote, or unknown things; often speaking or singing in the Tungusian or Laimutian tongue; of which she does not understand a single word.

There are said to be female Schamans also, of whom, however, I have not seen any. A certain Agrafena Shikarschaja is still spoken of with a kind of reverential dread, as having exercised her sorceries in these regions more than fifty years ago; and to her influence is ascribed a kind of St. Vitus's dance, prevalent among the Jakutian women.

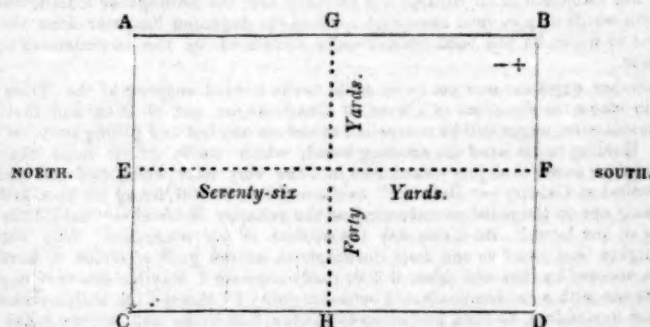
## REMARKABLE DISCOVERY—ELECTRICITY AND AGRICULTURE.

The element which now promises to be turned to the increased uses of man in the most extraordinary way is electricity. Already we find communications made, and conversations sustained, between parties fifty miles apart, with nearly as much rapidity as could be performed by any system of symbols in the same room. By means of the electric telegraph London is brought into instantaneous proximity with Windsor, Southampton, and other places and before long there is every reason to expect that communications may be made between all the important parts of the country in a few seconds. We have already seen some extraordinary examples of the effects of this rapid communication, not the least striking of which was the capture of the late unhappy man Tawell. On the other hand, we now hear of games of chess and whist being sustained and carried on at distances of fifty or sixty miles, as if the parties were all in the same room. Hitherto it has been thought that a man having the start for any object by railway was secure from pursuit, but now this new agent will arrest his progress or anticipate his arrival at any point with more ease than a man on the fleetest horse could overtake another on foot.

But of all the uses to which this new and marvellous agent has been applied, none promises such remarkable results as to agriculture. It is a principle which has been long admitted and understood, that electricity had a considerable effect on vegetation, but it has not been till now that any practical application of that aid has been attempted. Of late many experiments have been made, in a manner, too, which affords means of judging, not only the comparative result but comparative cost. And we are bound to say that they are such, that we look upon this new agent, as one likely, before long, to produce as great a revolution in agriculture as the inventions of the steam-engine or the spinning-jenny have done in manufactures.

We have before us the result of one experiment on a considerable scale, which, we think, cannot but prove highly interesting to our readers. It took place in the north of Scotland.

A portion of a field of barley, to which the electric application was made, produced last year at the rate of thirteen quarters and a half to the acre, while the surrounding land, similarly treated in other respects, produced the usual quantity of five to six quarters to the acre. The following is a detail of the very simple mode in which the electric fluid is collected and applied to influence the land. A field is divided into oblong squares, 76 yards long and 40 yards wide, and containing, therefore, just one acre each. The following is a plan of such square:—



At each of the points A, B, C, and D, pegs are driven into the ground; the external lines represent strong iron wires, extending from and fastened to each of the four pegs, and communicating with each other, so as to form a square of wire, sunk 3 inches below the surface; at the points E and F poles are fixed in the ground 15 feet high; a wire is connected with the cross wire beneath the surface, at the point E,—carried up the pole and along the centre of the square to the top of the pole at F, down which it is conducted and fixed to the cross wire beneath the surface at that point. We must here remark that the square must be so formed, to run from North to South, so that the wire passing from E to F shall be at right angles with the equator. It is well known that a considerable body of electricity is generated in the atmosphere, and constantly travelling from East to West with the motion of the earth. This electricity is attracted by the wire suspended from E to F, and communicated to the wires forming the square under the surface of the ground, from the points A, B, C, and D.

It has, however, been suggested to us, by a very competent authority, who has at this moment a number of experiments going forward to test this extraordinary new power in a variety of ways, that any quantity of electricity could be generated that might be required, by placing under the ground, at the point G, a bag of charcoal, and plates of zinc at the point H, and to connect the two by a wire passing over two poles similar to those at E and F, and crossing the longitudinal wire passing from those points.

The cost at which this application can be made is computed at one pound per acre, and it is reckoned to last ten to fifteen years, the wires being carefully taken up and replaced each year.

We may mention the result of an experiment on a small scale of the effect of electricity on vegetation. Two small parcels of mustard seed were sown—to one electricity was applied, the other was left to its usual course: the result was, that while the former grew three inches and a half, the latter grew only one inch. We should also state, that the barley produced at the rate of thirteen quarters and a half to the acre, weighed nearly two lbs more to the bushel than any other in the neighbourhood.

This discovery is certainly likely to present a very full compensation for the



exhaustion of Ichaboe. The results of the further experiments which are going forward, we will from time to time report.

### THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE RESPECTABLE.

Mysteries, it appears, are no longer to remain so. Authors, with a delightful self-sufficiency, start up, and show to the world that at least to them there never have been such things as mysteries. The veil of France is torn from her by a Frenchman, who certainly pays no compliment to his country, by exposing vices of the most hideous character and which certainly are much better hidden both from the young and the old. The moral to be drawn from melodramatic vice and virtue is very questionable. This mystermania has crossed the Channel. Authors are manufacturing vices by the gross in their mysteriously-situated garrets; their only peregrination to discover them being from the before mentioned garrets to the publisher's, and thence to some favouring rarebit and stout house.

We more modest, grasp but at the outlines of characters which may be seen daily by everybody, and which with pen and pencil we will endeavour to delineate. The subject of our present paper is very common, but very mysterious: his living is a fact; but the how, the when, and the where, the mystery. Look upon him, jaunty even in his rags, hugging himself in the belief that the rent under his arm and the patch on his shoe are not seen, and that his patent ink reviver shows not his rusty brown. His hands are gloved; but his fingertips, ragged, and open to the winds, he endeavours to hide by burying them in his palms. His stick, too,—his constant companion,—he fancies gives him an air of respectability. Being perfectly innocent of anything in the shape of a great-coat, he laughs most contemptuously at the effeminacy of those who coddle and muffle themselves up; and discourses most eloquently of good and refreshing breezes, which he eulogises as better than all the broad-cloth in the world. He is frequently in wet and chilly days seen, apparently waiting for a friend, near the fires of public offices (where they do keep fires). Speak to him, and you find that his manners are gentlemanly, his language classic and correct; and, if your manner towards him be deprived of all pretension to superiority by reason of your well-spun jet-black coat, he forgets his outward man, brightens up, withdraws his glove with the air of a gentleman, takes a pinch from your box, as if his suit was just glossy from Stutz, and talks himself back to the strain of his prouder days; his bow on leaving is perfect, though his fragile back becomes less so from the polite exertion. See him now, dining in yonder retired public house; that small screw of paper, hardly large enough for another man's salt, has contained his dinner. Of what!—that is the mystery! He is forgetting himself and his condition in the newspaper; and, under the influence of spirituous liquors, his imagination revels in the idea of the certainty of his becoming principal mover in some splendid achievement. Look upon the small gin measure close to his elbow—there is the mystery! We remember him the gayest of the gay, the kindest of the kind, surrounded by friends, blessed with an amiable wife, and a happy home; but drink—that accursed plague-spot—poisoned all his bliss. He treated it as a joke. He had taken too much—nothing else! The care of a fond wife scared the tempter for a time, or hid its baneful influence from his friends. She died. Causes innumerable were pleaded to himself for seeking temporary oblivion. He walked to the Exchange with a flushed cheek, and unshaven chin; he who was once the neatest man there. His friends lectured him for his neglect, and were soon fearful of and ultimately declined entrusting business to a man not answerable half his time for his actions. His memory, treacherous in affairs of consequence, soon caused his rapid descent. Still friendly hands grasped his; friendly purses were opened, until the most attached saw the futility of rendering further assistance. For a time he contrived to live upon scanty earnings by arranging accounts, balances books, &c., till at last the resources obtained by these means were, through the fascinating destroyer, entirely stopped up.

One bitter night a person was shown into my room. A shivering object, addressing me by name, startled me by showing something like the features of my old friend. A few months only had elapsed since I last beheld him; yet his pale pinched features and glossy eye seemed to be the work of years. He apologised for troubling me; but begged to show me some specimens of paper and pens, which he drew from an old blue bag, saying he travelled on commission for a stationer (an old friend), who had trusted him with these samples. I told him to be seated, regretting that I could not give him an order for things supplied regularly by my own stationer.

"My good friend," said he, feeling in his tattered waistcoat pocket, and producing a single halfpenny, "I have walked all day with only that in my pocket. I have come two miles out of the way, with the hope that you would assist me."

I did so; but of what avail? I only gave him the power of sooner destroying himself.

Our next meeting was more extraordinary. I was sitting in an omnibus, close to the door, when a hand was thrust into the window with a small packet of polished cards, with steel engravings, and a voice in the most bland tone recommending the wares in the following style:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, will you allow me to present to your notice a wonder even in this day of wonders? These cards in themselves gems of art, represent the Houses of Parliament, St. James's Palace, the residence of our most gracious Majesty, the new Royal Exchange, and the statues of our glorious victors, both naval and military. You have no need, I assure you, now to travel for wonders, when you can take these home at a penny each! Ladies, buy the residence of your Queen, who so well represents your amiable sex on the throne: we are governed by a woman, and who—"

Here his eloquence was cut short by the brown paw of the conductor grasping the window-ledge, and exclaiming in a rough voice,

"Now, lushy Jim, come off the step; our time's up, so mizzle!"

He shuffled away; but the voice could not be mistaken,—it was that of my unfortunate friend.

Passing up Fleet Street one wretched night, I beheld him fighting his way through a host of sturdy young fellows, to gain the door of a newspaper-office, to which there was a tremendous rush to get some second edition, his white hair streaming about his face as he anxiously looked round for a chance to obtain an entrance thither, whither, doubtless, as a newspaper runner, he had been dispatched for some paltry remuneration. He fought fiercely, for his darling hane would be the reward of his exertions. I stood for a moment in pity, remembering what he was, when one of the roystering boys, upon whom he pressed in his excitement, struck his tattered hat over his eyes. I turned sorrowfully away as I heard the boisterous mirth proceeding from the crowd at this exploit.

The great mystery of this man's present life is, that he lives from halfpenny to halfpenny day after day, appearing the same half ragged object, but with a bearing as if his eye were stone-blind to his outward appearance. The gen-

tlemanly demeanour, when sober, is natural; when intoxicated, brutal and unnatural as the excitement that causes it. Often have I seen him late at night crawling along, and talking to himself in a light and joyous tone, as if addressing persons about him in the solitary street. Perhaps the demon he worships transports him back to the scenes of his former happiness, in which he revels for the time, unconscious of his debasement, awaking only to the truth upon some cold door-step. Is it to be wondered at that he rushes back, when he has the means, into the embraces of his destroyer?

This man is only one of a large class who enter the fascinating ring from all quarters, high and low. Every day do we mysteriously miss some one; but soon another poor wretch starts up in his place, to toil for the few crumbs that were his portion. Where does he die—in the streets? No one knows him! He has outlived all friendship; or, perhaps, entering the workhouse, lays down his staff, losing for ever in the mass of wretchedness all traces where he lingered out the last remnant of his existence.

### LORD BROUGHAM'S NEW WORK.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the Time of George III.*

By Lord Brougham. Charles Knight.

The first biography in the volume is of Voltaire. It opens with a singular piece of special pleading. Lord Brougham wishes to rescue a writer who is plainly a favourite with him from the charge of blasphemy, and he attempts it in this manner. Blasphemy against God or against Christ, he reasons, cannot in reality be committed by a person who disbelieves in the existence of the one or in the divine mission of the other. He only scoffs at and ridicules what he believes to be an empty and groundless idea, and what he regards as imposture. There can, therefore, his lordship argues, be no offence against the Deity, whose existence is not believed in, and consequently there can be no blasphemy. Whether the person does not commit an offence against his fellow men Lord Brougham regards as another question; but he inclines to the belief that it is an offence the law ought not to take cognizance of. Such is Lord Brougham's argument, which we have felt some reluctance to state, though we wish to make a few remarks on it.

If a similar train of arguments be pursued, there is no crime that may not be justified by it. A disciple of Bishop Berkely may reason himself into a conscientious belief that there is nothing material or real in the world. If, acting on that belief, he discharges a pistol at a man's head, or stabs him to the heart with a knife, it may be pleaded that he cannot be guilty of murder because he wholly disbelieves in the existence of the man he killed, and that he only stabbed an empty idea. If Lord Brougham's argument be good for anything it applies to the one case as well as to another.

Morally a man has no more right to deny the existence of his Creator, and to blaspheme his attributes, than to deny the being of his fellow-being, and to injure his person. Both rest on the evidence of sense, and on the common consent of mankind; and it is claiming too wide a range for liberty of speech and action to assert that one person or a few persons have the right to commit grave offences against society under pretence of conscientious belief. Lord Brougham regards that pretence as a complete answer to the charge of offence. We differ with him, notwithstanding his legal authority. We think there are crimes of opinion as well as of conduct which no plea of conscience can excuse; and we regard Voltaire, and men like him, as the promoters of those diabolical atrocities, never to be mentioned without shame and horror, which marked the progress of the revolution they originated.

Another defence of Voltaire is made on the ground of the corruptions of the Romish Church of which he was a daily witness. As Lord Brougham is one of the warmest advocates of the increased grant to Maynooth, it is worth while to mark his opinion of the system he is so eager to see more generally diffused:—

"It must be added that an impression unfavourable to the truths of religion, and its uses, was made upon Voltaire's mind by the sight of its abuses, and by a consideration of the manifest errors inculcated in the Romish system. He is not to be blamed for having begun to doubt of the truths of Christianity in consequence of his attention having originally been directed to the foundations of the system by a view of the falsehoods which had been built upon those truths. Even if the bigotry of priests, the persecutions of sovereigns, the absurdities of a false faith, the grovelling superstitions of its votaries, their sufferings, bodily as well as mental, under false guides and sordid pastors, roused his indignation and his pity, and these alternating emotions first excited the spirit of inquiry, afterwards too much guided its course, we are not on that account to condemn him as severely as we should one who, from some personal spleen or individual interest, had suffered his judgment to be warped, and thus, as it were, lashed himself into disbelief of a system altogether pure, administered by a simple, a disinterested, a venerable hierarchy.

Let us for a moment, independent of what may be termed the political view of the question—independent of all that regards the priesthood—consider the position of a person endowed with strong natural faculties, and not under the absolute dominion of his spiritual guides, nor prevented by their authority from exercising his reason; but, on the contrary, living at a moment when a spirit of free inquiry was beginning generally to prevail. He is told that the mystery of transubstantiation must be believed by him as a fact; he is told that there has been transmitted through a succession of ages from the apostles one of the Divine attributes, the power of pardoning sin, and that the laying a priest's hands on a layman gives him this miraculous power, to be exercised by him how guilty soever may be his own life, how absolutely null his own belief in the Divine being—nay, that this power has come through certain persons notorious Atheists themselves, and whose lives were more scandalously prodigal than anything that a modest tongue can describe. Presented to a vigorous mind, and not enforced by an authority which suffers no reasoning, or if enforced yet vainly so enforced, these dogmas and these claims became the subject of discussion, and were rejected almost as soon as they were understood. But in company with them were found many other doctrines and pretensions of a very different complexion, yet all of them were pronounced to have the same Divine original; and no greater sanctity, no higher authority, no deeper veneration was claimed for them than for the real presence of the Creator at the summons of the priest, or the participation of that priest in the attributes of the Godhead. Let us be just towards the youth who was placed in these circumstances, and let us not condemn him for hastily rejecting the wheat with the chaff, before we endeavour to place ourselves in the same situation, asking what effect would be produced on our minds by severe denunciations against us should we doubt the priest's power, or refuse an explicit assent to his dogmas which our reason, nay our senses, rejected, while he refused all access to the inspired volumes which contained, or were said to contain, their only warrant. Rejecting the false doctrines, the chances are many that our faith would be



shaken in the true. How many Protestants were made in the sixteenth century by the sale of indulgences! But how many unbelievers in Christianity have been made in all ages of the church by the grosser errors of Rome, the exorbitant usurpations of her bishops, and the preposterous claims of her clergy!"

There is some force in this argument. It is true there is nothing original in it. Long since it has been acknowledged that in Popish countries there can be but two classes—bigots and infidels. But what are we to think of Lord Brougham's consistency in supporting that system in Ireland which he denounces as having caused such monstrous evils in France? Have we not truly said that this man's mind is a bundle of contradictions, which no human ingenuity is equal to the task of unravelling?

Much of this article is taken up with criticism on Voltaire's dramas and poems. Lord Brougham's remarks are in general singularly infelicitous. He regards Voltaire as a great poet, and is lost in admiration at the vast power shown in his dramatic efforts. The "Henriade" comes in for a share of the noble and learned critic's applause, a work now read only for its notes, which, revolting as are some of them, are yet amusing. As for the poem, with its clumsy "machinery," and its tasteless imitation of ancient models, wholly inapplicable to the time and incidents described, it has fallen into a gulf of neglect, from which even his lordship's chivalrous efforts in its favour will not be able to rescue it. In his admiration for some of the verses Lord Brougham is led to try his hand at translation. Never was failure more deplorable; the close and epigrammatic style of the original is totally lost in the verbose version of his lordship, and sometimes the sense totally perverted. As curiosities, we extract two of his lordship's "attempts":—

## ENVY.

Là git la sombre Envie, à l'œil timide et louche,  
Versant sur des lauriers les poisons de sa bouche;  
Le jour blesse ses yeux, dans l'ombre étincelans,  
Triste amante des morts, elle hait les vivans.

Pale Envy see, with faltering step advance,  
With look suspicious, indirect, askance,  
With eyes that quiver and abhor the light,  
But flash with fire and sparkle in the night:  
She pours her venom o'er each laurelled head,  
Hates all that live, sad lover of the dead.

## WEAKNESS.

La Faiblesse au teint pale, aux regards abattus:  
Tyran qui cède au crime et détruit les vertus.

Weakness, with paly hue and downcast eyes,  
Under whose iron rule vice thrives and virtue dies.

Here, by the aid of such poetical commonplaces as "with faltering step," nothing resembling which is to be found in the original, we have three lines diluted into five. The couplet on weakness is yet more unfortunate. The "iron rule of weakness"!

The biographies that approach more nearly our own time are much the most pleasing portion of the volume, because in them the author is frequently enabled to speak from personal knowledge. The character of Watt is well sketched. He showed a genius for mechanical science in infancy:—

"It is related of him that a friend of his father's one day found the child stretched on the floor drawing with chalk numerous lines that intersected each other. He advised the sending the young idler, as he supposed him to school, but the father said, 'Perhaps you are mistaken; examine first what he is about.' They found he was trying, at six years old, to solve a problem in geometry. So his natural turn for mechanics was not long in showing itself; and, his father indulging it by putting tools in his hands, he soon constructed a small electrical machine, beside making many childish toys.

"He occasionally visited his mother's relations at Glasgow, but never attended any lectures there, or elsewhere. The ardour of his active mind was superior to all the restraints which the weakness of his bodily frame could impose. He devoured every kind of learning. Not content with chemistry and natural philosophy, he studied anatomy, and was one day found carrying home for dissection the head of a child that had died of some hidden disorder. His conversation, too, was so rich, so animated, that we find, from the relation of Mrs. Campbell, a female cousin of his, the complaints made by a lady with whom he resided. She spoke of the sleepless nights which he made her pass by engaging her in some discussion or some detail of facts, or some description of phenomena, till the night was far advanced towards morning, and she found it impossible to tear herself away from his talk, or to sleep after he had thus excited her."

Like most extraordinary men, he was distinguished by his indomitable perseverance:—

"His fixed resolution to be deterred by no difficulties was constantly apparent, and one example is given by the professor. The solution of a problem which occupied Watt and his friends seemed to require the perusal of Leupold's Theatre of Machines, and, as it was written in German, he at once learnt that language in order to consult the book. Another instance of his indomitable perseverance against great difficulties, apparently irremovable, though not insuperable, may be added. He had no ear at all for music: not only was he through life wholly insensible to its charms, but he could never distinguish one note from another; yet he undertook the construction of an organ; and the instrument which he made not only had every mechanical merit from the most ingenious contrivances for conducting and regulating the blasts and the movements of the machine, but produced the most admirable harmonic results, so as to delight the best performers. He overcame the difficulties which lay in his way, partly by the phenomenon of the beats of imperfect consonances, a theory then little understood, and only contained in a work at once very profound and very obscure, Smith's "Harmonics." This treatise, of which only the first and less perfect edition was then published, must have been read and understood by the young engineer. While employed by Dr. Roebuck, at his works, he made a guitar for his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Stuart, which she still possesses, and relates the sum given for it to have been five guineas.

"It only remains to add, that all the reading and all the speculations of Watt were strictly confined to hours which did not interfere with his profession or his trade of an instrument-maker. The whole of the day was devoted to his business, only subject to the interruption of the discussion raised by those who frequented his workshop in search of assistance and information. It was late in evening, or rather in the night, that he prosecuted with zeal and close attention his philosophical studies; for his principle through life was steadily kept in view, and uniformly acted on, never to let anything whatever interfere with business, the transaction of which he regarded as a primary duty to be performed, and entitled, as such, to take precedence of all other pursuits."

The memoir of a very singular labourer in science, the Hon. Henry Cavendish, gives a graphic description of his peculiarities:—

"He was of a most reserved disposition, and peculiarly shy habits. This led to some singularity of manner, which was further increased by a hesitation or difficulty of speech, and a thin shrill voice. He entered diffidently into any conversation, and seemed to dislike being spoken to. He would often leave the place where he was addressed, and leave it abruptly, with a kind of cry or ejaculation, as if scared and disturbed. He lived in a house on Clapham common, and his library, vast in extent, was at another place, because he made it accessible to all, and did not wish to be troubled by those who resorted to it. He allowed friends to take books from it, and he himself never took one without giving a receipt for it. On the death of his librarian he began the practice of himself attending one day in the week to give out and take in books. His large income was allowed to accumulate; and when his bankers, after finding that a very considerable balance was always left in their hands, mentioned the circumstance, suggesting that it might be invested to some profit, he answered with much simplicity that, if the balance was an inconvenience to them, he could go to another banker. Himself a man of no expense, his habits never varied, nor did his style of living at all suffer a change on succeeding to his uncle's large fortune. His purse was ever accessible to the claims of charity, as well as to proposals for the promotion of scientific pursuits. Having formed a high opinion of Dr (afterwards Sir Charles) Blagden's capacity for science, he settled a considerable annuity on him, upon condition that he should give up his profession and devote himself to philosophy, with the former portion of which condition the doctor complied, devoting himself to the hopeless pursuit of a larger income in the person of Lavoisier's widow, who preferred marrying Count Komford. Mr. Cavendish received no one at his residence; he ordered his dinner daily by a note which he left at a certain hour on the hall table, where the housekeeper was to take it, for he held no communication with his female domestics, from his morbid shyness. It followed as a matter of course, that his servants thought him strange, and his neighbours deemed him out of his mind. He hardly ever went into society. The only exceptions I am aware of are an occasional christening at Devonshire or Burlington house, the meetings of the Royal Society, and Sir Joseph Banks' weekly conversations. At both the latter places I have met him, and recollect the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others. His face was intelligent and mild, though, from the nervous irritation which he seemed to feel, the expression could hardly be called calm. It is not likely that he ever should have been induced to sit for his picture; the result, therefore, of any such experiment is wanting. His dress was of the oldest fashion, a greyish green coat and waistcoat, with flaps, a small cocked hat, and his hair dressed like a wig (which possibly it was) with a thick clubbed tail. His walk was quick and uneasy; of course he never appeared in London except lying back in the corner of his carriage. He probably uttered fewer words in the course of his life than any man who ever lived to fourscore years, not at all excepting the monks of La Trappe."

"Mr. Cavendish died on the 10th of March, 1810, after a short illness, probably the first as well as the last under which he ever suffered. His habit of curious observation continued to the end. He was desirous of marking the progress of disease, and the gradual extinction of the vital powers. With this view, that he might not be disturbed, he desired to be left alone. His servant, returning sooner than he had wished, was ordered again to leave the chamber of death, and when he came back a second time he found his master had expired."

The volume is one of that class on which an opinion can hardly be given without the labour of an analysis. It has both merits and defects. Lord Brougham's mind resembles a tree of singular growth, one bough bearing wholesome fruit and another crab apples. It must be left to the discrimination of the reader to select the good from the bad; but no one should take up the volume without a determination to examine its views with freedom. The intellect must be in a hopeless state that will blindly consent to take Lord Brougham as its guide, or that will allow much authority to a name that accident and a certain ardour of disposition, united to great temerity, have raised, much rather than merit, to the conspicuous place it occupies.

## Miscellaneous Articles.

## ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

The night appearing sufficiently advanced, the conspirators, to the number of about sixty, sallied forth, divided into two bands. Count Pahlen took one under his direction, General Benningsen the command of the other; both officers dressed in their full uniform, and wearing their sashes and order, marched forward, sword in hand. The palace Michael was constructed and guarded like a fortress; but the bridges were lowered, and the gates thrown open to the chiefs of the conspirators. Benningsen's party marched first, and proceeded direct towards the emperor's apartments. Count Pahlen remained behind with his reserved body of conspirators. This man, who had organised the conspiracy, disdained to assist personally in its execution. He was only there to provide for any unexpected emergencies. Benningsen penetrated into the apartment of the sleeping monarch. Two heyduks were on duty as his body guard. These brave and faithful attendants attempted to defend their sovereign. One was struck down by a blow from a sabre; the other took flight, crying out for help—cries utterly unavailing in a palace, the guards of which were almost all accomplices in the plot. A valet, who slept in a room adjoining that of the emperor, ran to the scene; they compelled him, by force, to open the door of his master's chamber. The unhappy Paul might have found a refuge in the apartments of the empress; but, in his distrustful suspicions, he had taken the precaution, every night, to barricade the door which led to them. All escape being cut off, he flung himself to the bottom of the bed, and concealed himself behind the folds of a screen. Plato Soubow ran to the imperial bed, and, finding it empty, cried out, in alarm, "The emperor has escaped; we are lost!" But, at the same instant, Benningsen caught sight of the prince, rushed towards him, sword in hand, and presented to him the act of abdication. "You have ceased to reign!" he exclaimed to him; "the Grand Duke Alexander is now emperor. I summon you, in his name, to resign the empire, and to sign this act of abdication. On this condition alone I answer for your life." Plato Soubow repeated the same summons. The emperor, confused and lost in dismay, demanded of them what he had done to deserve such treatment. "For years past you have never ceased to persecute us," retorted the half-intoxicated assassins. They then pressed upon the unhappy Paul, who struggled, expostulated, and implored them in vain. At this moment a noise was heard; it was the footsteps of some of the conspirators who had remained behind; but the assassins, believing that some one was com-



ing to the assistance of the emperor, flew in disorder. Benningsen alone, inflexibly resolute, remained in the presence of the monarch, and, advancing towards him, with his sword pointed at his breast, prevented him stirring from the spot. The conspirators having recognised each other, re-entered the chamber, the theatre of their crime. They again hemmed in the unfortunate monarch, in order to force him to subscribe his abdication. The emperor for an instant tried to defend himself. In the scuffle, the lamp which gave light to the frightful scene was overturned and extinguished; Benningsen ran to procure another, and, on his return, discovered Paul expiring under the blows of two assassins; one had broken in his skull with the pommel of his sword whilst the other was strangling him with his sash.—*Ther's Consulate*

**A FAST TRAIN.**—On Monday, Mr Brunel travelled in the fast train from London to Exeter. The whole journey was performed in four hours and three quarters, including stoppages at Swindon, Bath, and Bristol, of twenty-two minutes, so that the actual time of travelling 196 miles was four hours and twenty-three minutes. The greatest speed attained on the journey was seventy miles an hour and at this apparently frightful velocity there was no unpleasant motion.

#### WOLF STORIES.

A peasant child, just able to trot alone, and, as such, left to trot where it pleased, was carried off unperceived and unhurt by a she-wolf to her nest at a distance. The young wolves, however, had just consumed some larger and commoner prey, and knew when they had enough; so they let the child lie among them, and saved it up for another day. The little creature remained thus through the night, when, the old one quitting the nest again, and the young ones probably sleeping, it crawled gradually away, as unintentional of escape as it had been unconscious of danger, and at length reached the fence of a remote field, where it was picked up by a labourer, and brought to the house of the narrator. But the innocent child had suffered terribly, and bore upon its tender body such marks of the wolf's den as would, so long as it lived, sufficiently attest an otherwise almost incredible fact. The young wolves had forborne to devour their prey; but they had *tasted* it! the skin of the forehead was licked raw, all the fingers were more or less injured; but two of them were sucked and mumbled completely off!

A woman, whose husband, being a bailiff or something of the kind, lived in a more comfortable way than the usual run of peasants, though still classing as a peasant, was washing one day before the door of her house, with her only child, a little girl of four years old, playing about close by. Her cottage stood in a lonely part of the estate, forming almost an island, in the midst of low, boggy ground. She had her head down in the wash-tub, and, hot and weary, was bending all her efforts to complete her task, when a fearful cry made her turn; and there was the child, clutched by one shoulder, in the jaws of a great she-wolf, the other arm extended to her. The woman was so close, that she grasped a bit of the child's little petticoat in her hand, and with the other hand, screaming frantically, beat the wolf with all her force to make it let go its hold. But those relentless jaws stirred not for the cries of a mother; that gaunt form cared not for the blows of a woman. The animal set off at full speed with the child, dragging the mother along, who clung with desperation to her grasp. Thus they continued for two or three dreadful minutes, the woman only just able to hold on. Soon the wolf turned into some low, uneven ground; and the woman fell over the jagged trunk of a tree, tearing in her fall the piece of petticoat, which now only remained in her hand. The child hitherto had been aware of its mother's presence, and, so long as she clung, had not uttered a scream; but now the little victim felt itself deserted, and its screams resounded through the wood. The poor woman rose in a moment, and followed over stock and stone, tearing herself pitifully as she went, but knowing it not; but the wolf increased in speed, the bushes grew thicker, the ground heavier and soon the screams of the child became her only guide. Still she dashed on, frantic with distress, picked up a little shoe which the closing bushes had rubbed off, saw traces of the child's hair and clothes on the low, jagged boughs which crossed the way; but oh! the screams grew fainter, then louder, and then ceased altogether. "The poor woman saw more on her way, but I can't tell what that was," said the lady, her voice choked with horror, and her face streaming with tears. Her hearers did not press to know, for they were chilled enough already. "And only think," she continued, "of the wretchedness of the poor, afflicted creature when her husband returned at night and asked for the child. She told me that she placed the piece of petticoat and the little shoe before him, but how she told him their great misery God only knows: she has no recollection."

*Frazer's Magazine.*

**A SHARP RUSSIAN.**—M. Kerschoff a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting party into the Maremma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up. Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret that a picture, concealed in the house, was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that, having been feloniously obtained, it would, if ever shown, or sold in that neighbourhood certainly bring him into trouble, the rustic produced a very pleasing Madonna and Child, in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and, being asked to guess the artist, named Raffaello. "That," said the peasant, "was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned; but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper with the name written in it." On the dirty shred there was, in fact, scrawled "Raffaello Sanzi;" and its possessor went on to hint, that being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a foreigner, a price far below its value. The negotiation, thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or £1,400, which, after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag; and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who sang its praises until Signor Vallati, a skillful dealer, quickly recognised the real artist. It was, in fact, a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of Raffaello's famous "Madonna del Gran-duca." It was painted by Micheli, who avows that he sold it for 150 crowns; and the shooting party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original in some great German

collection, having been there re-sold by the Russian at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid.

*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

#### PLAYING THE POLITE TO THE POPE.

At length, about two o'clock, p.m. a royal salute was fired from the Mole-head battery, which announced to us that his holiness was approaching by sea. I was immediately despatched, attended by two orderly dragoons, to receive the holy father at the landing place. I went up to him as soon as his fine old, saint-like, venerable figure had put its foot on the wharf; and approaching his sacred person hat in hand, bending low, to make my obeisance as profound as possible, said (in Italian) that I had been sent by the commandant of the troops to congratulate *Sua Santità* on his safe arrival at Genoa, and to hope that he had not suffered from the fatigues of his journey. His holiness looked up in my face (for he was a little thin decrepit old man), with considerable doubt in the expression of his face, and said, "What troops?" I presume he was led into this uncertainty by seeing me in a blue jacket, with gold lace, my undress artillery uniform; and as we have no barbarous interferers with this army, I wore a huge pair of mustachoes. On my replying, *English*, and that I was an English officer, he immediately seized hold of my hand, and in the most energetic manner, said, he was under great obligations to the English, and that he loved and respected them much, and felt happy and safe now that he was amongst them. Plus the Seventh, as he stood before me, I observed, wore a kind of Greek cassock cloak or tunic, a sacerdotal vestment, made of white challis or cashmere, which hung loose about his person, with the exception of its being fastened by a girdle, or cord, round his waist. To the cassock was attached a hood or cowl, fringed with gold, that hung over his shoulders. The dress was extremely long, loose, large, and touched the ground; thus hiding from public gaze the toe that kings of old were wont to kiss. On his head was placed a high white cap, apparently of felt, and representing amitre, or episcopal crown, but quite plain. Round his neck was a rosary, consisting of very large-sized beads on which he could count fifteen Ave-Marias and fifteen Pater-nosters: of what materials the beads were composed I know not; they looked like Roman pearls of very great size. To this rosary was appended a very large crucifix. His *tout ensemble* inspired me with awe and reverence; his countenance was radiant with goodness, and appeared the most placid, saint-like, and divine, I ever remember to have looked upon. As all movements are made in the narrow, levelling, and unaristocratic streets of Genoa in sedan chairs (four-wheeled carriages being never used), the pope was placed in one; whilst I, the only *heretic* in the procession (in which ten red-legged and red-capped cardinals walked), had the honour of pacing by his side, his holiness sometimes holding my hand, whilst at others he rested his own pale emaciated one on mine, as it held on by the window of his portantino; that is to say, when it was not employed counting the beads, or making the sign of the cross, as he passed the weeping, the kneeling, and even prostrate multitude. The procession was led by a cross-bearer, carrying a large massive silver cross, followed by four of the cardinals,—who were more particularly distinguished by their red stockings, their "purple and fine linen" being either laid aside, or covered by outer and more convenient travelling garments. \* \* \* On this line, three thousand British troops were drawn up, facing inwards, with sufficient space between their ranks to permit the procession to pass through; and here was my honoured friend and commander, "Black Jack," with the whole of the staff, &c. ready to receive and greet the Roman pontiff. On reaching this piazza, I explained to his holiness that it would be necessary to halt for an instant, that I might have the honour of presenting the British commandant. The crowd, the screaming, and the shouting, was here tremendous, and I had much difficulty in lugging up my friend Jack, whom I named. When I had got him sufficiently near to his holiness' sedan, the pope instantly rose, and pushed out his delicate hand from the portantino, expecting, no doubt, as belonging to a sovereign prince, that it would receive a respectful kiss from the untutored and unsophisticated Jack. No such thing; to my horror and dismay, in a rough, soldierlike manner, he gave it a hearty British squeeze, and said, in his best Italian, he was delighted to see his holiness in Genoa. The people seemed highly delighted with this truly *John-Bull-like* reception. My friend now arranged himself on the right side of the sacred sedan, to the exclusion of Cardinal Pacca; I again taking post on the left. As soon as the pageant entered the line of armed men, the 14th regiment presented arms, and its band struck up our national air, which all the British regiments did in succession as his holiness passed. The staff officers, taking their stations two abreast, accompanied him, amidst the acclamations of the assembled population, who naturally were struck with wonder and surprise, to behold the head of the Roman church in the midst of heretics, guarded by British soldiers, and surrounded by British officers, all uncovered, and rendering homage and respect to the holy father, who continued to hold the hand of the wildest and most unreclaimed heretic in Genoa. During our progress, the pope asked me several questions with respect to places and persons, crossing and blessing every one as he passed along; many a sign of the cross, and many a benediction, consequently fell on my head before it reached the kneeling supplicants it was intended for. When we arrived at the Palazzo D, his holiness retired for a few minutes into an inner chamber, and then returned to hold a kind of levée. *Colonel Maxwell's Adventures.*

**THE DIAMOND.**—The diamond is subject to that combination of crystals usually termed hemitrope, twin crystals, and macles. It is the hardest of all substances, but may be said to be brittle, as a slight blow will produce a fracture in the direction of its cleavage. Specific gravity 3.5; and, by a chemical analysis, it is found to be pure carbon, differing but little from charcoal and plumbago. Its great value, as a gem, arises not only from its scarcity and brilliancy, but also from the extreme difficulty of working it. A stone in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster, called the Nassuk diamond, and which weighed 357½ grains, was placed in the hands of Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt to be recut; the operation occupied the lapidary five months. It has hitherto been found not only in Golconda and Visapour, the Isle of Borneo, and Brazil, but also in the cold regions of Siberia. These are its best known localities, though but few have yet been found in the latter country. They are usually found of a very small size; occasionally, however, larger ones are discovered, which from their extreme value, generally become crown property. Thus, in the possession of the King of the French is the Pitt diamond, the most valuable gem in Europe; it weighs 136 1-4 carats, rather less than one ounce, and cost £135,000. One of yellow colour is among the crown jewels of Austria: its weight, 139½ carats. Another, weighing 193 carats, is amongst the Russian jewels. Among the crown jewels of her majesty, which may be seen by the public, in the Tower, for the small charge of sixpence, many stones of great brilliancy, though not large in proportion to those just mentioned, are to be found. But the most interesting collection of cut gems that I have seen is that in the pos-



session of the Elector of Saxony. There is one stone, considered unique, of a green colour, which is said to weigh 160 carats. A magnificent and rare brilliant, of a deep sapphire blue, and great purity, is in the collection made by the late Henry Philip Hope, Esq. This stone weighs 177 grains, and is considered to be worth £30,000. Polytechnic Magazine.

## NOTES UPON VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1837 AND 1842.

[Under this head we have several MS. sheets written by a young friend during the early years of a nautical profession voluntarily chosen by him. They have given us much entertainment not the less from having a previous knowledge of his temper and his off hand manner of jumping at conclusions. Abrupt and unstudied in his style we know that they are the effusions of the moment, and contain his immediate impressions. There is much in them that is pleasing and something of information in his details; but, as they are hardly fit in their present state for consecutive publication, we shall dip into the manuscript here and there occasionally, and furnish a little variety where we may deem it likely to be generally acceptable.] Ed.

### NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand was discovered by Capt. Cook in the year 1767. It was then thought to be a Continent, but it is in reality two large Islands.

It is in some parts fertile, producing with little culture, potatoes, yams, &c. &c., peaches and several other kinds of fruit; figs are raised here in great abundance.

The New Zealanders in general are a tall race of men, they are strong, active, and almost all uniformly well shaped, their hair is commonly straight, but sometimes curly. The females possess features regular and pleasing, with long black hair and dark penetrating eyes, their figures well formed, the cast of countenance interesting, and the tone of their voice sweet. The dress of the two sexes is exactly the same, and consists of an inner mat, or tunic fastened by a girdle around their waists, and sometimes an upper cloak, which is fabricated from very coarse materials for ordinary wear, but is of a very fine fabric and elaborately ornamented when intended for occasions of display. Both of these articles of attire are manufactured of the native flax.

They wear no covering for either their head or feet, the feathers with which both sexes ornament their heads being excepted. Their food in general consists of a preparation made from the root of the fern plant, this root masticated and the fibres rejected after the juice has been extracted serves them for bread. Fish when about to be cooked are laid in damp green leaves, and then laid between heated stones to bake; pigs are cooked as well as poultry in the same manner.

They shew as much ingenuity in the art, with which they are acquainted both in invention and execution, as any in civilized nations under the same circumstances; without the least use of those tools which are formed of metal they make every thing that is necessary to procure their subsistence; clothing and military weapons and all this is done by them with a neatness, strength, and convenience that are well adapted to the accomplishment of the several purposes they have in view.

No people can have a quicker sense of an injury than the New Zealander does, or be more ready to resent it, and yet they want one characteristic of true bravery, for they will take an opportunity of being insolent when there is no danger of their being punished. From the number and variety of their weapons and the dexterity in their use, it is evident that war engrosses their thoughts, and the preparation for it, their whole time; indeed their public contentions are so frequent or rather so perpetual that they must live under continual apprehension of being destroyed by each other.

From their horrid custom of eating the flesh of their enemies, not only devoid of reluctance, but with peculiar satisfaction, it would be natural to suppose that they must be destitute of every human feeling, even with regard to their own party; but this, however, is not the case, for they lament the loss of their friends with a violence of expression, which argues the most tender remembrance of them.

At a very early age the children are initiated into all the practices, good or bad, of their fathers; so at the age of nine or ten years, they perform the motions and imitate the frightful gestures, by which the more aged are accustomed to inspire their enemies with terror. They keep strict time in their song, and it is with some degree of melody that they sing the traditions of their forefathers, their brave actions in war, and other subjects. The military achievements of their ancestors, they celebrate with the highest pleasure, and spend much of their time in diversions of this sort, and in planning upon a musical instrument, something similar to a flute. At their feasts after a battle the prisoners taken are eaten, and if there is not a sufficient number of them to allay the appetite of these monsters, a selection is made either from the king's, or chiefs' wives, or some male from the lower classes.

They are perhaps superior in vigor of mind and forecast to all other savages who have made so little advance, in the arts of civilized life. They are remarkable for their energy in pursuit of distant advantages and their discernment in appreciating the benefits of civilization are striking. They are also very contemptuous of human life.

There are numbers of them well acquainted with the use of fire-arms, with which the whites, derogatory to all prudence have, through traffic, been foolish enough to sell them.

Former navigators placed their entire dependence upon the dread evinced by them at the discharge of fire arms, but now they have become familiar with them they are ever ready to call them into use against the whites themselves.

The treatment some of our vessels have met with there renders it imperative on our Navy Department, to despatch an armament for their future protection.

### SOCIETY ISLANDS.

It is usually styled the friendly group owing I presume to the kindness manifested by them to Europeans, and the little degree of treachery evinced by them, of which there is a great deal extant among the South Sea Islanders.

Otaheite is the largest and most fertile Island among this groupe, and some parts are under a high state of cultivation. The productions are numerous, producing all kinds of fruit, vegetables, &c., oranges and lemons in an exhaustless abundance.

It is hard to determine as regards the exact number of inhabitants, but it has certainly been greatly decreased by the practice of infanticide, which prevails to a great extent, though not quite so much so as formerly, and the dis-

eases introduced by European visitors has tended greatly towards their depopulation.

The general reception of Christianity has been attended by the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the people, and by the abolition of the cruel rites and debaucheries which were previously practised.

The inhabitants are tall and well formed, complexion olive, and the hair a jetty shining black. The women are very beautiful, and were there minds well cultivated, I do not know but they would make as good wives as some of our fair ones at home; as it was I came very near falling in love with a young lady there, the daughter of an influential chief. The language has been reduced to writing by the resident missionaries, schools established, and the useful arts introduced.

Laws have been instituted here at the instigation of the missionaries, which have a salutary effect in regulating the conduct of both residents and visitors. The Consul here, W. B., I do not much admire; his character is not above aspersion, and his cruel usage to some American Seamen the last time I was there, confirmed me in my opinion that he was a poor substitute for a representative of our country. The laws substituted here or rather a code manufactured through his influence, demand a strict investigation from some quarter.

The French had some misunderstanding with that government when I was there, owing to the harsh treatment some of their missionaries received by the hands of the natives, and their wishing to exclude the importation of French brandies. The natives are not at all to blame, their conduct undoubtedly being instigated by the other missionaries, who being alarmed at the powerful strides Catholicism was making induced the natives to thus summarily treat them. This I think is rather uncharitable on the part of our missions. No matter how culpable the French mission may have been in encroaching, and infringing on their rights as prior settlers. They should not have been exiled to a barren Island, where I am given to understand, some of them died.

It affords but a poor example to the natives, when their instructors, ministers of the divine truth, which they are taught to follow by action and precept, are thus quarrelling and bickering among themselves. However, I may be writing about things I may possibly have given a wrong construction to, but at any rate the Commodore of the French squadron obliged the queen to pay a very heavy and extortionate fine for the misdemeanor, and obliged her to permit the importation of brandies free of duty, thus they filled their pockets and made the poor natives drink their brandies if they did not succeed in their attempts to introduce Catholicism.

This groupe is governed nominally by queen Pomaré, but in reality by the missionaries, who form the laws to suit their own purposes and for their mercenary views.

To wander through the fragrant and blooming orange and lemon groves with one of the sweet Indian girls upon your arm, instils new life and vigor into the body of the wayworn Seaman; and many a day have I spent my liberty hours in one of those groves, listening to the enchanting notes of the warbling minstrels, and the murmuring of some adjacent cascade; and, to tell the truth, when our sails were loosed for the last time in that harbor, although we were "homeward bound," a tear started to my eye, and with many more regrets than ever I experienced in leaving my own native home, for which all ties are now nearly severed, did I leave that Island which may be justly termed the garden of the South Seas. Every thing here appears to be governed by nature; the simple natives like her children, far different from our country where every thing is bustle, knavery, and confusion; every one, brothers and all, endeavoring to undermine and supplant each other.

Many a day have I sojourned in a house, to the owners of which I was a perfect stranger, receiving their hospitality and kindness, in return for which they would not even accept a small piece of tobacco. No, their creed is as follows, their God sends them food indiscriminately for all, and they are always willing to share it with a brother be he either white or black; travel Europe or America, from north to south, and from east to west, and where will you find the same. I have made up my mind if the world does not use me better than heretofore, here will I come, and here will I die; here may be found true affection,—that balm, that solace to a man in sailing down the stream of life. Thus I take my leave of this happy isle, on which benevolent nature has spread her luxuriant sweets with a lavish hand, and in which the natives, copying the bounty of Providence, are equally liberal, being ready to contribute plentifully and cheerfully to the wants of strangers.

The Queen is a middle aged lady, rather handsome, and inclined to "enbon-point," is very gracious to visitors, and is not chary of her favors.

She has several palaces, the most splendid of which is on an Island in Matavai Bay, it is built of large upright stakes driven firmly into the ground, roofed with the same, and thatched with palm leaves; mats in great abundance are strewn throughout the rooms, and chiefly constitute her schedule of household furniture.

She has a number of female attendants, several of whom are handsome. I was through the interest of an influential friend invited to spend a day in this palace, and accordingly went in my white duck trousers, chequered shirt, bandage, and tarpaulin; and being rather a handsome personage in my own humble opinion, I was very graciously received. I fortunately had stored my capacious pockets with tobacco (which article they all smoke, both males and females,) and when it was discovered all reserve was laid aside. I smoked with the queen, and kissed the girls, and upon the whole, when the time for departure arrived I was loth to leave.

### MEXICO.

[From the New Orleans Picayune, May 20]

The Titi arrived yesterday from Havanna, which place she left on the 10th instant. We have received Havanna files to the day of her departure. The only news of importance brought by the T. relates to Mexican affairs. The Thames arrived at Havanna on the 6th from Vera Cruz, having left the Mexican port on the 1st instant. The intelligence brought by her is eight days later from Vera Cruz, and nine days later from the city of Mexico. The papers we have seen assert that the Executive of Texas has re-opened negotiations with Mexico, in regard to the recognition of the independence of the former State. It would appear from these advices that President Jones, with the help of the English and French embassies, has got the Mexican government to entertain the negotiation, upon the understanding that Annexation should not take place. The following message, sent to Congress on the 21st ult., explains the views of the Government in regard to the Texas proposition. There is little or no room to doubt that the English minister has preferred the part of go-between in the transaction, as neither of the contracting powers have diplomatic relations with the other.



Senor Cuevas' message is to this effect:

*Gentlemen*—The affairs of Texas being of such deep importance as to claim the first Congress and Executive, the Government cannot, without resuming a special responsibility, defer the resolution that must be taken to bring them to an issue compatible with the honor and interest of the Republic. The Government having assembled a considerable body of troops upon that frontier and employed all its resources to accomplish the proposed end, and having considered of those acts of the legislative bodies, sees no other course to pursue than to carry out the plan proposed to sustain the Republic in all the dignity and honor due to its good name. Circumstances have transpired which render it both necessary and proper to enter upon negotiations that will prevent the annexation of Texas to the United States, as such an event would inevitably lead to a war with the American Republic—for Mexico would not agree to annexation—however deplorable such a conflict might be. Texas has taken the initiative in proposing a settlement, and his Excellency, the President *ad interim*, well understanding its importance and the necessity of taking a resolution in relation to it, is also persuaded that the Executive cannot proceed in the matter without being first authorized to do so by the Chambers; that in the case before him he should not exercise the powers conferred by the Constitution for conducting negotiations with foreign powers. The Government—always faithful to its duty, and desirous of submitting its acts to free discussion, and considering that national questions should be disposed of with patriotic spirit and conscientiousness superior to assaults and above prejudices of every character—cannot decline the proffered negotiation without, in his opinion, violating his duty by deciding so delicate a question before submitting it to Congress. If he could make an arrangement honorable in itself, and such as would satisfy the national honor, he would submit it with great pleasure to Congress; and if such could not be achieved, the same Government which is so desirous of a peace conformable to the dignity of the Republic, would be the first to decide in favour of a war, which would be more just after all efforts to avert it had failed. The preliminary propositions of Texas are of a character honorable and fair towards the Republic, and the Government, without deciding upon them, had no doubt about accepting them as the initiative to the arrangement sought by Texas. Not to have accepted it, would have been to establish the annexation of Texas to the United States, and Congress will perceive that a step so ill-advised would have been a terrible charge to the present Administration. To refuse to hear proposals of peace that may lead to a satisfactory result would have been an extreme measure the least profitable to the Republic, however it might at first flatter a justly irritated patriotism; but this is not what the nation expects from its supreme Government, which is obliged to foresee and weigh the evils of a long and costly war, and to avoid them as long as its honor can be maintained, as in the present case. If the government had acted solely upon its impulses, as soon as the law of annexation passed the Congress of the United States, the Chambers well know what its conduct would have been, and what its firmness in resisting all other propositions than war, which the patriotism of all Mexicans would have sustained with glory. His Excellency, the President, *ad interim*, as well as his ministers, make a great sacrifice in asking the authorization at the end of this message; but it is made upon mature deliberation, and from an ardent desire for the prosperity of the Republic, and with the conviction that if war should ensue after making every effort to preserve peace, it will end in the glory of the national arms, and in accordance with public justice as regards those who provoke it. Therefore, His Excellency, the President *ad interim*, in ministerial council, and with the unanimous advice of his Cabinet, has directed me to present for your deliberation the following resolution: "The Government is authorized to receive the propositions made by Texas, and to proceed to the formation of a treaty that it deems honorable to the Republic; to be laid before Congress for its examination and approbation."

With the highest consideration, &c.,

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

GOD AND LIBERTY!

Mexico, April 21st, 1845.

[From New Orleans Bee, May 20.]

The Mexican government, in the event of the failure of the proposed negotiations, is preparing for war. The authority of Congress has been required, in order to contract a loan of three millions of dollars, at an interest not greater than fifteen per cent. Authority has likewise been asked for the settlement of the foreign debt of Mexico.

Various projects have been submitted to Congress for a general amnesty of the military chiefs, against whom prosecution has been commenced; and some have proposed that the amnesty should be extended to all the political criminals, with the restriction that Santa Anna and Canales, and the four ministers who signed the decree of the 29th November, should quit the country for ten years, or submit to the continuation of their trial. The latter proposition, slightly modified, was adopted by the Chamber of Deputies on the 16th. Santa Anna, Canales, and the four ministers are allowed eight days to determine whether they will choose an expatriation of ten years, or the continuation of their trials. Breaches of trust in pecuniary matters form an exception to this general pardon, and Santa Anna's abdication of the Presidency is accepted. Gen. Almonte had arrived in the city of Mexico.

In our last we announced a proposed meeting to take place to consider of an ANGLO AMERICAN CHURCH for the use of Emigrants from the British empire, and we have now the most unqualified satisfaction in communicating to our readers the proceedings upon that interesting occasion, as handed over to us by the Reverend Secretary. The zeal in this meritorious cause, exhibited by the numerous and respectable gentlemen present, gave the most flattering hope of success, and the speeches on the occasion were numerous and forcible. Among the British Residents in this city we are aware that there are many who are not members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But what then? There is nothing so radically or so essentially different in their several modes of belief as to withhold them from rendering good assistance in a matter which has the welfare of thousands of their brethren and countrymen at heart. For be it well recollected that, besides this Church furnishing a rallying point where otherwise the strangers would be dispersed without a temple of worship, and at the mercy of too many rapacious strangers, the measure includes much of a salutary nature to their prospects in coming hither. They will receive advice and assistance as to their ulterior earthly views, they will receive introductions and encouragements in their progress into the interior or into the Bri-

tish Provinces, they will be properly warned and guarded against extortions or bad advice from interested persons. In short the benefits involved in this Church and its concomitants are such as should recommend it to Christians of every denomination, and to philanthropists in general.

### ANGLO AMERICAN FREE CHURCH.

At a meeting held in the Sunday school room of St John's Chapel, in this city, pursuant to public notice, on Monday evening, the 26th inst. in furtherance of the establishment of an Anglo American Free Church for British Emigrants arriving at the port of New York, H. B. M. Consul, Anthony Barclay, Esq. in the chair, and the Rev. Moses Marcus appointed Secretary; the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. M. Wainright, D. D. an assistant minister of Trinity Church. The minutes of the former meeting were then read, by the Secretary, together with the following Report of the Committee, and the able documentary correspondence thereunto appended.

### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

"The Committee appointed by the Meeting held at the house of H. B. M. Consul, on Monday, the 14th ult., to mature, and report to a future meeting, a plan for the establishment of a Free Church for British Emigrants, who are members of the Church of England, and continually, in great numbers, arrive at the port of New York, beg leave most respectfully to state

"That they have met on several occasions, during the interval of time which has since elapsed, and devoted their best attention to the consideration of the subject entrusted to them.

"As empowered by the Meeting, the Committee have, likewise, added to their number such gentlemen, disposed to cooperate with them, whose names will give character and weight to the important object it is their most earnest wish to accomplish.—namely, John Charles Beales, M. D., D. Alonzo Cushman, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., W. H. Hobart, M. D., Henry Jessep, Esq., John R. Livingston, Jun. Esq., Charles N. S. Rowland, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., and Floyd Smith, Esq.

"The Committee not insensible to the great and permanent advantage which might be derived from the liberal provision of Her Majesty's Government, could the act of Parliament, known as the Consular Act, be strictly followed out in this country, have, in their deliberation, duly considered the subject, as will appear from the accompanying documents; and unanimously concur in the opinion that it will be impossible to establish a church—without direct infringement upon Catholic principles, which no true Churchman would desire—otherwise than in connexion with the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and in accordance with the provisions of her Constitution.

"Believing, however, that a strict adherence to the unity of the Church, as an essential principle of their religion, will bespeak the liberal support of the benevolent and piously disposed in England, as well as the immediate and necessary aid of the members of the Anglo American Church, the Committee very earnestly recommend the providing of spiritual ministrations for their fellow countrymen, is the only way in which it can be done, and as a Christian duty, regardless of pecuniary or personal considerations, or of national bias, or aught else than the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, constraining them thereto!

"In the hope that this may be done promptly and efficiently, the Committee now offer the following suggestions, in discharge of the duty reposed in them, and for the further consideration of this meeting.

"1st. They would recommend the renting of a convenient room for holding divine service, in connexion with the object proposed, that is to say for the more immediate benefit of British Emigrants, but, of course, for the use of such other persons as may feel disposed to attend, temporarily. This measure will give time for maturing some future plans of operation, for collecting money for building purposes, or the purchase of a Church or Chapel, should one present itself, and for testing the value and importance of the enterprise itself.

"The following rooms have been offered—the "Coliseum," which will seat from 800 to 1000 persons, at \$800 per annum, including the expenses of fuel, lights and attendance; the "Minerva," a beautiful room, which will seat about 800 persons, at \$600, also including the aforementioned expenses, or at \$500, if occupied only on the morning and afternoon of the Lord's day, and not in the evening; and, a room at the corner of Lispenard St. Broadway, over the store of Mr. Rockwell, which will seat from 300 to 500 persons, at \$400, independently of fuel &c, but require an outlay for cleaning &c. This room, however, may be had exclusively for a Church, which is not the case with either of the other establishments.

"2dly.—The committee would suggest the importance of an immediate provision for the necessary support of the proposed undertaking; and, that the expense may not fall upon a few individuals, would point out how, and in what way, the means may be obtained. They would recommend then, that one thousand dollars at least be forthwith raised, to begin the work; and surely there can be no doubt that one hundred gentlemen may be found, disposed to contribute thereto, in the ratio of even \$10 each, if no more! The committee, therefore, advise that the appeal on behalf of this object be now made general, not only to British merchants and English residents, but to every Episcopalian in New York, since not one of them whose heart is in the right place, will withhold his hand from giving, of what country soever he may be.

In connexion herewith, the committee also respectfully submit the propriety of an application for aid to the Rev. the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestry of Trinity church, New York, who, in consideration of the original grant to them of their present possessions from the British Crown, will probably not refuse, at least the sum of money usually given to the Rectors of City Churches, but, with a becoming liberality will appropriate a share of their bounty in favour of an object which has claims upon the Church at large.

"The committee, in like manner, would suggest the propriety of addressing an appeal to the members of the Church of England at home, and a memorial to the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, to be laid before Her Majesty's Government;—from a conviction that the harmony and agreement existing between the Mother Church, and the legitimate offspring in the United States of America, in all the essentials of our most holy faith, as well as in her rites, ceremonies, doctrine, and worship; and a desire the part of British subjects resident here not to do any thing which would disturb the same or contravene established principles, will call forth a demonstration of their approbation, and assistance to whatever extent it may be needed.

"3dly.—The committee would recommend the appointment of a Provisional committee, Treasurer and Secretary, until such time that a religious society can be formed in furtherance of the object proposed, according to the provi-

\* We have been obliged to omit these documents for the want of room.



sions of the "Revised Statutes" in such case made and provided, and the Canonical requirements of the Diocese.

4thly.—The committee would say a word upon the importance of appointing a suitable person to the office of Chaplain, that he be a man who will devote himself to the work with a hearty zeal, and do good to the best of his ability—the Lord helping him.

"A Presbyterian of the Church of England, canonically received into the Anglo American Church, acquainted with the peculiar feelings of his own countrymen, and not wholly ignorant of the nature of things here, will probably be at all times, the most suited for such an appointment.

"Upon the adoption of these and the like measures, if carried out with unanimity and zeal, the committee verily believe the proposed object may be safely and securely proceeded with. The small sum of money required for so laudable an enterprise is but an item among so many who must, and do feel an interest in it; and, as there is really nothing of party in the undertaking,—of party either in or out of the Church, they sincerely hope it will prosper, redounding to the praise and glory of God, and the salvation of immortal souls.

"Imploring, therefore, the grace and blessing of the Almighty, "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy," the committee submit their report for the action of this meeting.

(Signed)

ANTH. BARCLAY, Chairman.

New York, May 26th, 1845.

On motion of the Rev. Professor M'Vickar, D. D. seconded by A. D. Paterson, Esq. "Editor of the Anglo American," it was

Resolved, unanimously—"That the Report now read be received, and that this meeting do approve the principle of Catholic Unity which the committee recommend, and are so properly anxious to maintain, in the establishment of a Free Church for British Emigrants arriving at the Port of New York; nevertheless, that, in the use of the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, it is their very earnest desire there may be added such further prayers for the authorities of their native land as may be approved by the Ecclesiastical head of this Diocese."

On motion of the Rev. Benj Evans, Missionary of the Free Mission Church of the Holy Evangelists seconded by John R. Livingston, Jr. Esq. it was

Resolved unanimously,—"That the establishment of a Free Church for the use of British Emigrants, arriving at the Port of New York, in connexion with the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, is a most desirable and important object of christian enterprise—justly entitled to the encouragement and support of every true-hearted Churchman, and that to this end a subscription be forthwith set on foot."

On motion of the Rev. Isaac Pardee, Rector of the church of the Redemption, seconded by the Rev. Joseph H. Price, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, it was

Resolved unanimously.—"That the following gentlemen do form a committee for the establishment of a Free Church for British Emigrants, until the same can be duly and legally organized; viz. Anthony Barclay Esq. H. B. M. Consul, John Charles Beales, M. D. D. Alonzo Cushman, Esq. Thos. Dixon Esq. Joseph Fowler, Esq. Wm. H. Hobart, M. D. Henry Jessop, Esq. John R. Livingston, Jr. Esq. A. D. Paterson, Esq. Charles N. S. Rowland, Esq. Edward F. Sanderson, Esq. and Floyd Smith, Esq.—that Thos. Dixon, Esq. be the Treasurer, and the Rev. Moses Marcus, Secretary, who, together with H. B. M. Consul, and John S. Bartlett, M. D. shall be Executive Committee to engage a place eligible for holding divine worship, and securing the ministrations of the church therein temporarily, so soon as the sum of \$1,000 shall have been paid into the hands of the Treasurer, that they shall in no case enter into engagements for the first year which shall exceed the sum of \$1,000, or whatever amount of subscriptions shall be actually raised and paid over to the Treasurer, in support of the proposed object; that they be empowered to memorialise the church and government of Great Britain; and the Rev. the Rector, Churchwardens and Laity of Trinity Church, New York; to give due notice to the parties interested of the time and place where service shall be held, and to do whatever else may be necessary in furtherance of this important undertaking."

On motion of Thos. Dixon, Esq. seconded by John S. Bartlett, M. D. "Editor of the Albion," it was

Resolved unanimously,—"That the thanks of this meeting be conveyed to the Rev. the Rector of Trinity church for having so kindly afforded the use of this room for their accommodation on the present occasion."

A friend of the Rev. Dr. Berrian, Rector of Trinity church, and also of the Rev. Dr. Higbee, an Assistant Minister of the Parish, apologised for the unavoidable absence of those gentlemen from the meeting, and expressed their high approval of the object proposed.

On motion of the Secretary, seconded by the Rev. Prof. Mc'Vickar, it was Resolved unanimously,—"That the proceedings of this meeting, together with the Committee's Report, and the correspondence thereunto appended, be sent to the "Churchman," "Albion," "Anglo American," &c., for insertion in their columns."

On motion of the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, seconded by the Rev. John Dowdney, Rector of St. James' church, it was

Resolved unanimously,—"That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Chairman for the distinguished ability with which he has presided on this occasion and for the hearty zeal with which he has entered upon the good work of providing for the spiritual wants of his countrymen—who are members with us of the same household of faith—the blessed consolations of the Church of Christ upon their arrival here."

The chairman, in a truly christian address, acknowledged the honor conferred upon him by the foregoing resolution; and dilating upon the glorious prospect of great and permanent good which the undertaking presented to his own mind, moved, in conclusion

"That the thanks of this meeting are due, and be hereby given to the Rev. the Clergy, for their kind attendance, and for the encouragement and delight their presence, and assistance in the proceedings of the evening have afforded."

Which was seconded by Dr. Bartlett and carried unanimously; whereupon the meeting adjourned.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by H. B. M. Consul, at No. 1 Exchange Place, Thos. Dixon, Esq. Treasurer 51 William St., by the Rev. Moses Marcus, Secretary, at the office of the "Churchman" 161 Fulton St., and at Messrs. Stanford & Swords, 139 Broadway; and by Dr. Bartlett, at the Office of the "Albion," Barclay St.

Among the Clergy present was the Rev. H. M. M. Belcombe, who had recently arrived in this country from England.

The character of this meeting was one of deep and general interest through-

out the whole of its proceedings, the remarks of the Speakers was all of a most interesting nature; and much satisfaction was expressed by those present at the good beginning thus made by the church in this work and labour of love.

MARRIED.—On Sunday, 25th inst., at St. Peter's Church, Barclay-street, by the very Rev. John Power, MATTHEW B. BRADY to JULIA R. C. WILLIAMS, all of this city.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a — per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1845.

We have had a paragraph lying in the desk during some weeks, on the subject of the public execution of criminals, the publication of which has been postponed from time to time from various causes; the recent execution of the murderer Hocker, in England, however, has caused so much excitement and has been the subject of such a variety of comments in the British Journals, that it may not be impertinent now to consider the matter anew, and to call attention to the tendency of such things upon society at large.

Though most sincerely averse to the multiplication of capital punishment, we confess we cannot go the length of certain persons who would abolish capital punishment altogether. If we are to rely upon Scriptural authority, and to believe in the Bible as the word of inspiration—which is decidedly and fully the case with ourselves—then Genesis ix. 6, is reasoning enough on the subject, for it gives both the ordinance and the cause, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for, in the image of God made he him." Now, admitting that commentators have disagreed on this text, and that some have even explained it away altogether, yet we find in after times that the Law as laid down by Moses—and which was by Divine dictation,—continues the punishment of death to the murderer, to the man who is wilfully guilty of his brother's blood; nor do we find in holy writ any direction or permission to abrogate that law, but we do find there numerous instances in which that law is enforced.

By the foul act of murder society is for ever robbed of the communion and services of a fellow-citizen or fellow-being; that being is also hurried to his great account "with all his imperfections" on his head, and the solemn law of the Great Creator and giver of life is blasphemously and insolently broken by a creature who owes his own life to the Power he thus defies. What shall be done, seeing that the life cannot be restored, to prevent the continuance of such mischief and impiety? Shall the guilty man be made a slave for life, compelled to continual hard labor and public degradation? Familiarity with such sights would render them ineffectual in the way of warning and example. Shall he be compelled to undergo perpetual imprisonment in solitary wretchedness? Equally unavailing or even worse; bad characters would only remember that he still lives and so would they, were they detected and convicted; many would forget him altogether, because, not being cut off from the face of the earth he would cause no more sensation; the perpetrator himself would be more likely to become either insane or idiotical than repentant, thus would there be no good wrought upon him. What then shall be done? Punishment for mere vengeance sake cannot be too strongly deprecated; it is a false and injurious principle, subversive of all the best interests of society. Even a judge, one of the severest that ever sat on an English bench of justice, when capital crimes, always too numerous, were then much more so than at present, said to a culprit, "Prisoner, you are not condemned to death for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." The first motive of punishment should be reform of the criminal, the second should be warning to others; and in the case of murder we cannot see how so great an offence in the eyes of God and man can be checked by any punishment short of the death of the criminal.

We do not presume that we have here satisfied the scruples of those who are opposed altogether to capital punishment, but, granting it to exist, there is something to be said as to the mode of inflicting it.

The custom of public Executions, though almost universally decried, continues to be practised in England, and the consequences are either increased apathy and disregard as to the course of action of vicious persons, or of morbid feeling on the part of many who are even excited to the commission of evil deeds, to mistaken courage and heroism in their wicked pursuits, and to "die game" when their consummation is at hand. Some, like the wretched Hocker, die "with a lie in their right hand," the mistaken multitude applauding, the confederate ruffians exulting, and encouragement rather than repression being the effect of the scene.

Would it not be far better that from the moment of condemnation all mention of the culprit should cease, except the official and brief announcement that the offender had expiated his offences in manner according to his sentence, in the presence of persons authorised to attend, and none others; thus tacitly inferring that an outcast from society was for ever withdrawn from it. This we opine would be really and in a salutary manner expressive, and the heart would not be exposed to be hardened by familiarity with disgusting and, at first, revolting scenes.

Even in New York in which much of this has been repressed, we frequently read of the brutal excitement which induces hundreds to crowd, contrary to legal regulations, into the prison yard where an execution is to take place. It would surely be far better if not one but the properly appointed persons were allowed there, and these last for no other purpose therein to attest that justice had been executed according to law.

We have extracted to-day a portion of critical remarks upon Lord Broug-



ham's latest publication, because we consider it to be an exposition of what we have always considered his Lordship's mental character to be—one of wavering and inconsistency. It is long since the opinion in England became general that he was a Deist, and many went the length of considering him an Atheist. We have never proceeded so far as to the latter belief, for we consider Lord Brougham to be no fool even in Metaphysics, and there is inspired authority for the saying that "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The inconsistency in the present case consists of the variance between his opinion and his Parliamentary advocacy. Nevertheless his defence of his idol Voltaire is amazingly weak for one who has been considered an able controversialist. The early prejudices of which he speaks, derived from the alleged malversation of the Romish Priesthood, might be lasting in an ordinary mind, but he has no right to urge these in his defence of Voltaire, who professed to be a philosopher; and to be one who dived beneath the surfaces of things, to have dissected himself of prejudices, to have examined all sides of the matters on which he insisted so dogmatically, and to have tacitly disclaimed shelter or excuse for his doctrines.

FLOWERS.—Some short time ago we had occasion to recommend attention to Mr. Laird, Florist, of Seventeenth Street and Railway Avenue, and to speak in terms of praise of his collection of flowers. The public will now be able to judge for themselves upon their merits, for Mr. Laird has constantly bouquets for sale at Castle Garden both day and evening. They are elegantly assorted and done up cheap, and we believe we may add, much in request.

NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN BROOKLYN.—We understand that a Church is to be erected in the vicinity of Bridge and Willoughby Streets, which will accommodate about 550 persons, the cost of which will not exceed \$6,500. The Rev. Mr. Messenger, of St. Thomas Parish, is to be the rector. An Episcopal Church has been long wanted in this section of Brooklyn, and we trust that the Churchmen of Brooklyn will contribute liberally to this undertaking.

### Literary Notices.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—No. 27.—We are glad to see this noble specimen of American Art so rapidly advancing to its consummation; when completed, it will justly take a high position among the issues of the American press.

WYOMING.—A Novel.—New York: Harpers.—An American tale of great interest, as may indeed be almost supposed from the title of the work. So many painfully interesting associations are connected with that section of the country, that any narrative including them cannot fail of arresting attention. The writer has with much skill interwoven a vein of humour, with the graver details of his story, which relieves the interest and strengthens it, as well as imparts to it additional attraction. We advise our readers to get the book, they will enjoy it.

THE BLIND GIRL, AND OTHER TALES.—By Mrs. Embury.—New York: Harpers.—This will be found a very attractive little volume for the domestic circle: its incidents of real life are deeply interesting, and they impart very valuable instruction in the moral to which they point. We commend the work to the special notice of the young; it forms indeed part of an excellent series designed for youth, published by the Harpers.

NIGHT AND MORNING.—By Sir Bulwer Lytton.—New York: Harpers.—This novel, which is one of Bulwer's latest, has already been extensively read and approved, the present edition of it, which is at once neat, cheap, and portable, will doubtless extend the perusal greatly.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART.—No. 2.—By Dr. Dionysius Lardner.—Few who are curious in natural and experimental philosophy, and who have had opportunity to listen to Dr. Lardner's lectures have failed to avail themselves thereof. But as spoken lectures are fleeting in their effects, this cheap edition of them will doubtless be welcome. The number before us treats of Electricity, The Minor Planets, Weather Almanacks, Halley's Comet, The Atmosphere, and The new Planets.

THE OREGON QUESTION.—New York: Taylor & Co, No. 2 Astor House. Under this general title we allude to two pamphlets; the first by Thomas J. Farnham, Esq., of this city, who advocates the American claims, the second by Thomas Falconer, Esq., of London, whose pages are partly in reply to Mr. Farnham, and is consequently in advocacy of the British claims. It is no part of our duty to enter into the merits of the controversy, but we may say that in the perusal of both the reader will probably gain a tolerably clear view of the whole matter.

THE MYSTERIES OF BERLIN.—Translated from the German by C. B. Burkhardt.—New York: Wm. H. Colyer.—We readily and sincerely accord the praise of a spirited and lively presentation of this work in an English dress, although there are marks of the Foreigner in it, who has not entirely mastered all the English idioms. In fact it is singularly good for one who, we understand, was not acquainted with the language three years ago. It is probable that the scenes and incidents in this book are correctly delineated, but we enter our strong and solemn protest against the inundation of writings of such a nature, with which the reading public have of late years been flooded. The school which has produced writings like those of Ainsworth in England, of Eugene Sue in France, and of the Prussian, the translation of whose work is before us, is an evil one, and every one concerned for the moral welfare of his generation must earnestly deprecate its influence. It argues little to say that the pictures are faithfully drawn, they may be the more mischievous on that very account, and it is well known that many things which are hateful or disgusting when first heard or seen, lose much of their forbidding character at each

repetition. To make a villain, or one who is deservedly an outcast from society, amiable or interesting, is to produce a false and injurious excitement on the feelings, to deprave the taste, and injure the judgment; to render us familiar with the dens of theft, licentiousness, and murder, is in effect to blot and deface the purity of moral principle, and even to produce a callosity of heart and feeling, which bars the door for ever against the most heavenly sympathies of our nature. We do earnestly call upon the right-minded public to frown down the issues of filth and demoralization which are sapping the foundations of society, and which have no other claim to admiration than that which arises from graphic description. What is still worse in these publications is that they are covered over with a thin transparent varnish of moral reflection, the reflection itself being of a vitiated tendency and of false deduction, and in no wise operating as a preventive to the contemplation of the horrid scenes below. Greatly as we would defend the freedom of the Press, we do wish that a means could be devised of putting such books as these under authoritative surveillance, so as either to rid them of their noxious principle, or to keep them withdrawn from the community at large.

The three following, constitute volumes 8, 9, and 10, of that beautiful Series, published by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam of this city, called their "Library of Choice Reading," and for which they selected the motto, hitherto so appropriate, of "Books which are Books." If the publishers can proceed as they have begun, they will deserve general thanks, and realize well-deserved profits.

THE FRENCH IN ALGIER.—By Lady Duff Gordon.—Her ladyship has here collated the MSS. of two gentlemen, both of whom have been prisoners of Abd-el Kader, and they describe most vividly the sufferings of those who became the captives of the Arabs in the region of Upper Algiers, and who do not happen to be immediately beheaded when taken. The perusal is heart-thrilling, and impulsively the reader is apt to breathe the strongest execrations against the barbarians and their odious treatment of the Christians who fall into their hands. It is proper, however, to pause, and not only to take into consideration the errors of their religious faith and the habits of all the Arab nation, but also the indignation that must arise in their bosoms from the consideration of the war in Algiers, its origin, its conduct under the French, and its tendency to deprive them of the native dominion enjoyed during centuries. It must also be considered that the two accounts given in the book are *ex parte* statements, one being by a German partizan of the French Army, the other by a French Naval Officer. The book contains many important and highly interesting facts, but the whole may not improperly be taken "*cum grano salis*."

TABLE TALK.—Part 2.—By William Hazlitt.—Never was a book more happily named. The subjects are numerous, miscellaneous, and treated on with that elastic, off-hand, pleasing style of remark which urges attention and does not weary the reader. It is calculated, too, for the perusal aloud in the social intercourse of the evening, the subjects being dwelt on not too long, and being selected by the reader according to the tendency of the conversation at any given time. Be it remembered, however, that although Hazlitt had quick perceptions, a strong mind, and a clear head, and, although often pronouncing *ex cathedra* and dogmatically, he was not an infallible reasoner; his arguments grew very much out of his peculiar idiosyncracies, and the respect in which his opinions were generally held, led him to indulge in pronouncing them. Nevertheless he is always worth hearing and considering, and out of his very errors good is evolved.

ANCIENT MORAL TALES.—From the "Gesta Romanorum."—We have of this admirable volume, something like a mixture of the "Noctes Atticæ" in Aulus Gellius without its deeply recondite discussions, and the "Decameron" of Boccaccio without his demoralising and licentious narratives. The tales and the comments upon them are most ingeniously put together; the former may well serve as the foundations of dramatic plots, the latter as good matter for moral and religious consideration, and as conveying much insight into early manners and the modes of conveying useful lessons.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The present career of Mr. Anderson at this theatre has come to an end. It has been a brilliant one, and we presume it will cause pleasant recollections to him long after he has crossed the Atlantic. He is a young artist of the highest calibre of talent, and we doubt not that ten years hence, should he be spared by Divine Providence, he will be at the very head of his profession. Mr. Placide will commence a short engagement immediately, and so we hope will Mrs. Vernon who has just returned from the south with greatly recovered health. These two are justly the standard favorites of the Public, in Comedy.

NIBLO'S SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.—Preparations are completed here, and the summer campaign will be opened forthwith under the command of the generals Chippendale and Sefton;—more experienced in such fields of contest who could wish? The Proprietor promises much, but we all know he is ever equal to the performance of his promises.

### Cricketers' Chronicle.

We are glad to perceive that the St. George's Cricket Club of this city has got into full action; the members are fitting their harness and trying the force of their weapons and the discipline of their forces, in the event of their having to take the field against friendly antagonists. We understand that their first solemn trial,—an annual one—will take place on their ground near Thirtieth Street, in the Bloomingdale Road, on Wednesday the 11th June ensuing; consisting of a Match between eleven British Members of the Club whose native residences were severally on the northern side of a given line, and eleven others whose native residences were severally on the south side of that line. Of course it will be a friendly match, without any ostensible stake but that of victory, for this noble exercise should never be degraded by the consideration of a money result.

We learn also that in the following week another match will be played, at the same place, between two elevens miscellaneously selected from the members of the Club.



## DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

## Painting and Sculpture.

## ON PICTORIAL ANATOMY.

BY JAMES MILLER, F.R.S.E. F.R.C.S.E.

Before entering upon the details of this interesting science, permit me to direct your attention to its paramount importance, in laying the only true foundation of success in the higher grades of Art. The biographer of Sir Joshua Reynolds has well observed, that pre-eminence in the higher walks of Art is based upon skill in drawing the human figure, with an accurate knowledge of its Anatomy. The great painter's youth—the season when this skill and knowledge are best, if not alone acquired—was permitted to pass without his attaining a qualification so essential; and in consequence of this neglect, he never had professional strength to execute works requiring great power of the hand over form, without exposing his deficiency. "In his finest productions, possessing all the splendour of colour, and all the breadth and charm of general effect, imbecility in drawing is manifest, and he was obliged to have recourse to contrivance to conceal, or slightly to pass over, that which he could not express." All the zeal, and all the genius of this great man, it would thus appear, could not atone for the one great error of his professional education. How great a boon it is for the young aspirant of the present day to know, that such need not be his case, and that, indeed, this qualification, so essential, is in a measure forced upon him.

May painting or sculpture ever be inconsistent with nature? Is the "ideal art" so essential to the higher walks, because inseparable from success in them different from, as well as beyond nature, or still in harmony with its general laws? Some assert that it consists in a strong and sustained effort of the imagination, carrying the artist beyond nature, altogether, to something higher, more grand and beautiful; and that according to the extent to which the boundaries of nature are thus overstepped with success, is the merit of the painter. We humbly conceive that no doctrine can be more pernicious.

It is true, that the ancients, though possessed of the finest models, did not slavishly copy any individual specimen of nature, even in a portrait, far less in an ideal work. In the former, defects were subdued, or altogether omitted, while beauties were enhanced. In the latter, imagination was set freely to work, but not on empty space—not to conjure up ideal forms purely original—but the artist selecting beauties from various models, reflecting on what he had seen in individuals, imaginatively bringing them together, and out of many insulated beauties of form creating one ideal whole, attained his object of representing a form superior to and beyond individual nature, it is true, yet strictly in accordance with, because an actual representation of nature still.

Polycletus, we are told, resolving to form a statue which should possess all the proportions of a man of perfect symmetry, made use of many patterns of nature. The result of his labours was the celebrated Canon, which was regarded as a general model for all those who wished to perfect themselves in the art. "The sculptors," says Maximus Tyrius, "by an admirable artifice, choose out of several bodies those parts which seem to them the most beautiful and combine this variety in one statue; but this union of parts is effected with so much judgment and propriety, that those artists seem to have no other model than one whole and perfect beauty." Nor do these remarks apply to the sculptors alone. In painting also, the ideal was immediately derived from reality. "Behold," said Eupompus to Lysippus, when consulted by the young sculptor on the subject of imitation, pointing to the passing multitude—"Behold my models. From nature, not from art, must he study, who aspires to true excellence."

Under certain circumstances, doubtless, these selected points of beauty were slightly exaggerated; for example, when it was the intention to exhibit a being beyond this world's mould—as Diana, or the Pythian Apollo. Hence we find in such deities, veins subdued or altogether omitted, the muscular outlines but faintly traced, the proportions of certain parts and features altered from the usual standard, with a mild serenity of countenance superior to ordinary passion—all to mark a difference from frail humanity. Yet there are no additional bones to the skeleton—no multiplication of joints or muscles—no removal from or addition to the external organs—the change is carried no farther than what is still consistent with nature.

Now, herein appears the manifest advantage of Anatomical knowledge as a groundwork; rendering the proper ideal art more easy of execution, and diminishing the risk of error in the attempt.

Were ideal art simply imaginative, Anatomy could be of little avail. For what matter it whether the form attained were correct or not, providing it pleased the eye, and succeeded in arousing that train of thought in the beholder which it was the object of the artist to excite. But such a result cannot be obtained without adherence to the laws of Nature. For, as has been well observed by Mr. Hazlitt, "the ideal is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which exists in nature; but the preference of that which is fine in nature to that which is less so." And hence it is that a knowledge of the Anatomy of Nature is necessary to the construction of the true ideal. An artist ignorant of Anatomy would be sorely perplexed to reconcile his ideal with the natural form, and many failures might not—most probably, would not—result in ultimate success; whilst, on the contrary, he who knows the nature as well as the form of joints, bones, muscles, and skin,—their relative position, and the change therein which motion induces, would have comparatively little difficulty in the execution of his task.

If, on the contrary, all art were but a mere transcript of individual nature, without the ideal selection from nature at large, again would Anatomy sink into insignificance, as a guide to the artist. For all his labour then would be, leisurely to transfer the object before him to his canvass or the marble. A man may paint a mere likeness of another's face, another may chisel it in stone, faithfully and accurately, and yet be ignorant in all respects of its anatomy. A landscape painter may transfer to his canvass an exact representation of a particular view, and yet know nothing of the geological structure,—just as a man may laboriously copy a portion of Greek or Hebrew, correctly enough, without understanding its import, or its parts of speech. But, in art, no one can leave individual nature, and imaginatively depict something superior to it, yet consistent with nature at large, without a previous and intimate acquaintance with those parts which he has to modify and vary in arrangement.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, perhaps, went too far in his enthusiastic description of ideal art, representing it as superior to nature—worshipping the grand style of Michael Angelo, and speaking all but contemptuously of Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt. And it has not unreasonably been supposed that this has been

productive of injury. Yet we doubt not the fault has been with his interpreters, more than with himself; and that his real meaning, however ambiguously expressed, was to discountenance the slavish imitation of individual nature, which, though conducted with the most consummate skill in art, can never reach to anything that is great or grand; and to inculcate the propriety of the artist's proposing to himself a high standard of imaginative excellence, to which he should endeavour to attain by ideal combinations of what taste and experience have led him to select from various forms: until at length,

"Adopting Nature owns the work her own."

In this, the highest walk of art, none have reached such excellence as Raphael and Michael Angelo: the former having attained the greater measure of success, because in his loftiest flights still in accordance with Nature. "All that imagination could lend to a strictly imitative art he has added, yet has infused into its creations the warmest sensibilities of life; to nature he has given all that grace and fancy can bestow, consistent with the sweetest of all charms, leaving her nature still."

He dared much,

But with that dauntless temper of his mind

He had a wisdom that still brought his valour

To act in safety."

To the great Buonarrotti no one will deny the merit of having carried ideal design to the loftiest pitch of daring. But whether the matchless intrepidity of his creations may not have seduced his imitators into sins of extravagance and exaggeration, may well be matter of controversy. Some votaries may have been consumed by the fire of the same altar which shed only its light and warmth upon more favoured worshippers. With his mighty genius, with his great experience and enthusiasm in art, and with his intimate knowledge of the Anatomy of the human frame, (for let not that be forgotten as one of the foremost of the qualifications of this great Master,) he could not only venture to approach the verge of propriety, but occasionally to disport himself on the other side. While contemplating his wondrous creations, the spectator quails beneath their grandeur—he trembles as he adores—and although he acknowledges the commanding power of the mighty Tuscan, he still languishes for nature.

In his earlier works, before the thirst for epic grandeur had taken undivided possession of his soul, we find that his conceptions are less overcharged, and harmonize better with the truth of Nature. Hence they commend themselves more warmly to our sympathies. Take, for example, the "Dead Christ." And who is there, rapt in this mysterious scene, that does not feel, that it is because the Son of God is here faithfully represented as suffering man, that our souls are touched with the softest and holiest emotion?

In the latest works of the same Master, when his daring genius had been tamed by the influence of advancing age, we find a greater degree of sobriety and chasteness of style. He himself perceived his brilliant errors. He also saw and lamented, too late, the fall prepared for sculpture. Where he had trod with safety, his less gifted followers sank. By him, art had been placed on a proud, but dangerous height; from that it fell; and, after a few years of progressive degeneracy, it dwindled away into absolute insignificance,—just in proportion as the artists departed from Nature, and from the great masters who had copied her, to mould their works on academic rules, and the phantoms of abstract perfection.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, too, seems to have feared that he may have expressed himself in terms too unmeasured regarding ideal art, in his admirable Discourses; and accordingly, towards their conclusion, we find the following passage. After commiserating those painters who declare that they have discarded Nature because she only put them out, he adds,—"He who recurs to Nature, at every recurrence renews his strength. The rules of art he is never likely to forget; they are few and simple. But Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her, and in this intercourse there is no end of his improvement."

In his own works, Sir Joshua adhered closely to Nature; and thus, by his practice and theory combined, may be said to have corrected the errors of two opposite classes of artists. The one, mere copyists of tame unexpressive Nature; the other, unnatural—"having carried the abstract principle of improving upon Nature to such a degree of refinement, that they left her out altogether; and confounded all the irregularities and varieties of form, feature, character, expression, and attitude, in the same artificial mould of fancied grace and fashionable insipidity—giving the air of an Adonis to the driver of a hay-cart, and modelling the features of a milkmaid on the principles of the antique;" forgetting the all-important axiom which a study of nature is so well calculated to teach—

"Beauty's best handmaid is simplicity."

But let us not, in avoiding one danger, run rashly on another. There are extremes in Art as in other matters. Excess of the idol is one. Servile adherence to individual nature is another.

"Shun all excess—and with true wisdom deem

That Vice alike resides in each extreme."

"He," says Proclus, "who takes for his model such forms as Nature produces, and confines himself to an exact imitation of them, will never attain to what is perfectly beautiful." Instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas. Instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination. "It is intellectual dignity that ennobles the painter's art—that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic—and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain."

I need hardly remind you, that it is this humble imitation of actual Nature in all its details, that lowers the character of the Flemish and Dutch Schools, in other respects replete with most skillful artists. And it is this which has exposed their greatest masters to such criticisms as the following:—"Rubens, after spouting Virgil with enthusiasm, turned to his canvass, and painted a Flemish butcher with bandy legs for Eneas; and gave Dutch Helens, Flemish Junos, and German Diomedes, for classic art." And the same critic we find comparing some of Rembrandt's female beauties to dirty fishwomen—his Abrahams to Dutch old clothesmen.

"Not such the Master's care.

Curious, he calls the perfect from the fair;  
Judge of his art, through beauty's realms he flies,  
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies.



Even the ancient Greeks, with all their admirable skill, seem sometimes to have neglected the maxim embodied by the Poet, and to have copied too much from one model, instead of selecting from several. An example of this is afforded by the "Youth Extracting a Thorn from his Foot," where the figure is most natural and pleasing; yet the anatomical eye discovers that there is a want of muscularity in the arms; a deficiency common to many at that age and so far quite consistent with individual nature, but, nevertheless, not in harmony with the rest of the figure, and therefore an imperfection. A still more striking instance, is the Discobolus of Naucydes, where all the upper parts of the body seem faultless, while the feet are ungainly almost to deformity, such as are not unfrequently found in those who follow laborious occupations, and whose other members are fully and fairly formed. These, however, are but trifling exceptions to the general rule in regard to that period of consummate art.

Thus, then, we are brought to conclude that real excellence in art consists neither in slavish imitation of individual nature, nor in visionary departure from Nature to the realms of abstract imagination. In neither of these courses would Anatomy prove of much value to the artist. But excellence consists in something midway between these two extremes; and, applied to that, Anatomy is found to be of much importance. For an example, let us take the "Youth Extracting a Thorn." Here is a model with but one deficiency. The artist is not to copy all, including the defect; but, by his previous acquaintance with other nature, is, in place of that defect, to substitute idea perfection. The muscular development in the arms is to be increased; but to do so, it is not enough merely to enlarge the outlines of the limbs, as already existing,—as would be the likely procedure of one ignorant of Anatomy. This would enlarge the arm; but, though a larger, it would still remain and seem a weak one. The lines marking the bones are not to be conjoined with those of the muscles; the former remain as they were; the latter only are increased, and modified in form in consequence of that increase. Thus, and thus only, will the idea, as well as the form of strength, be given to that which formerly was in this respect defective.

But there are other reasons why long and careful study of the best models of the antique will not atone for neglect in the study of Anatomy; nay, is even apt to mislead. The man who is ignorant of Anatomy, seeing nothing but what is on the surface, and unable to explain it by the arrangement of the parts beneath, is apt to think that he cannot do better than adopt it as his unvarying model, and perhaps reproduces it in an attitude very different,—when, of course, another set of muscles being called into play, another set of tendons and ligaments being put upon the stretch, the form of the part must materially change; and thus, what was truth and beauty in one attitude, now necessarily becomes deformity. "On the other hand, the student of anatomy sees at once the cause of the form of the part, and of the changes which it undergoes; or could even say, *a priori*, in a certain position of the limb, such and such muscles being in action, such being the shapes of the extremities of the bones, and such the disposition of the ligaments, such must be the form of the whole. I surely need not add, that, in the first case, even after years of labour, there must often be error, always difficulty; while, in the second, the labour is immeasurably lightened and the confidence of knowledge inspired; the one, in short, is an empiric, the other is a man of science."

#### PICTURE CLEANING.

As there may be holes or fissures from accident or other causes on the surface of either the panel or canvas on which the pictures have been painted, before proceeding to any rectification of colour it is necessary to fill up, or, in the language of the craft, to stop all such damages. This is usually done by working in firmly with a palette-knife a paste made of whiting and parchment size, of about the same consistence as putty; or, instead of parchment size, good stiff glue may be used with the whiting. If the picture has been painted on an oil ground, it may be very carefully filled in with white lead made into a stiff consistence with linseed oil. In the first case, when the paste is quite hard and dry, the superfluous portion must be rubbed off by the gentle use of a piece of fine-grained cork, dampened with a little water. The picture should then be thoroughly cleansed on its surface by a rag dipped in turpentine, to take off all greasy matter; or it may be wiped over by a rag dipped in ox gall, merely dampened and not wetted.

Should the picture have become very much obscured from its original colour through having been kept for a great length of time in a very feeble light, if circumstances permitted, it would now be much benefited by being placed opposite to a window, where it might have a strong sun-light on it for two or three months. I have seen many pictures which were nearly obscured from the preceding cause restored to a great lustre and brilliancy by such an exposure alone. This is particularly the case with the early pictures of our English school, which have been so constantly placed in dark portions of apartments, or in ill-lighted halls and staircases.

Before any repair of the painting takes place, a very thin coat of mastic varnish, diluted and prepared as I have before described, must be laid on; this is necessary to see the colours in their proper tone.

The few instructions I am now about to give are so rigidly important for the success and durability of the work, that I venture to call the attention of all artists to them, if they desire their productions to retain the purity of colour and durability of tints for after ages. First, it is absolutely necessary to make use of those colours or pigments only which are permanent. Secondly, in mixing the tints to match the parts to be repainted, none but very clear and pure tints may be used, by which I mean tints formed of as few colours as possible. It is a certain fact, justified by experience and the study of the manner of manipulation by the old masters, that a tint compounded of two colours or pigments only, is more permanent than one compounded of three; and equally so is a tint compounded of three colours, in preference to one compounded of four. Therefore, all tints used in repainting must be mixed from pure colours, and not made up, as modern painters too frequently do, from a scumming together of all the contents of the palette. Such tints are dirty and impure, and certain of becoming discoloured. The next precaution is to mix all colours composing tints thoroughly, to work them well together with the palette-knife; any neglect or avoidance of this important labour will cause tints to darken unexpectedly, or change their apparent hue; and the use of an ivory or horn palette-knife is desirable, as the abrasion of the steel knife has a sensitive effect on all colours prepared from lead, mercury, antimony, &c. The colour must be used as thick and pasty as possible to work with, and not in the oily and sloppy condition of modern practice. Reference to the works of the old, and particularly to the earlier masters, which have stood the test of centuries, and come down to the present time in their primitive brightness, will at once convince us that their method was to use pure tints, and in the least fluid condition possible. It is for this reason I have taken as a motto to this

communication the words at the head of my letter, which are by tradition ascribed to Rembrandt.

With regard to the choice of pigments, the following scale, viz., flake white, yellow ochre, burnt sienna, Venetian red, lake, Vandyke brown, Antwerp blue, with some few others occasionally, as circumstances demand. The tints used should always be a degree or shade brighter than the part they are matched to in repainting, and they dry darker, and would then become visible. The neglect of this is apparent on hundreds of pictures, if the connoisseur will carefully examine them.

It would occupy too much space to point out all the qualities of the various pigments offered for use as to durability, or the want of it; and also the chemical combinations which are fatal. For instance, the union of flake white with vermilion forms one of the brightest and most beautiful of flesh tints; but the one being a preparation of lead, and the other of mercury, causes by chemical action a discoloration, and produces a kind of purple tint. Again, the mixture of Naples yellow with yellow ochre is also certain of ultimate blackness, from the influence of the iron base of the ochre with the antimony of the Naples yellow. I would strenuously beg to recommend, for the study of the properties of all colours used in painting, "Field's chromatography," as the most valuable and instructive work ever offered to the practitioners of Art, and I fear, nevertheless, too little studied by even its greatest ornaments.

When all the parts of a damaged picture are restored by the pencil of the artists, to ensure complete success the work should be put aside for some considerable time, perhaps three, or even six months. If kept in a tolerably dry atmosphere, and not varnished, the paint hardens, and the oil of the renewed paint will by the process of desiccation rise to the surface; it should be carefully wiped by turpentine, and then the body of colour will be left in the purest state possible: every damage or repair becoming completely unobservable by the most scrutinizing eye. The same process would give the greatest light, purity of tone, and dazzling brilliancy to a modern picture, if this practice were pursued of getting off all superfluous oil which is thrown out by the drying of the colour, always using the colour in the most pasty condition possible to work with, and allowing some months to elapse before varnishing. But modern practice must oil out, as it is termed, to saturate the picture in process of painting; besides the employment of a multitude of nostrums rather than solid painting, after which an immediate varnish completes the nauseous combination.

Previously to varnishing a repaired picture, it may receive all over its surface a slight layer of isinglass size. This is perfectly transparent, and has the advantage of offering an interposing medium between the varnish and the new paint, which prevents their amalgamation, and, consequently, breaking up or cracking, should the new paint not have become sufficiently hard to resist the varnish. It is also a practice during the winter season to add sugar of lead to all colours as a ready drier; but it is a most injurious and dishonest proceeding, as it invariably ends in discolouring all pure colours with which it is incorporated.

It has been suggested that the use of body colours with a water medium would be the safest to prevent the change of colour in the repairs. It might certainly answer in the bright painted skies in landscape, water, &c., but it requires great artistic skill to manage its exact tone: there is no question of its being purely unchangeable, which seems its only advantage; however, with the preceding precautions no change need be apprehended.

There is another medium used in restoration of damages, which is powder colours with copal varnish, or a copal megilp. This is the common resource of low practitioners, and may fairly be termed the Wardour street manner. It looks well at first, saves a deal of trouble, &c., but the consequences are for the future: one portion of a picture painted in oil, and intermediate restorations painted in varnish, will never work well together. As the gum resins, which form the base of all varnishes, begin to dry and harden, they all shrink, and all injuries on a picture so repaired become glaring and visible defects, making the labour of restoration doubly tedious, increasing the expense, risk, and numerous other disadvantages.

It is idle to conceal that all pictures incur some slight deterioration by being meddled with at all, the less that can be done to them the better: just sufficient to bring them back to as near the first state as possible.

I beg to conclude by expressing my hope that the remarks I have made on the preservation of pictures may have some influence on the possessors of works of value, and that they may be induced, when it becomes necessary, to trust them to efficient hands, in order that the enjoyment of their excellencies may be perpetuated for the instruction and admiration of future ages.

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THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland	E. Knight	10, 10, 10	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hoovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-1f.

#### NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING, OR \$2,500,000.

ADVANTAGES ARE HELD OUT BY THIS INSTITUTION WHICH CAN BE OFFERED BY NO OTHER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING AN AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES.

General Agent for the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 74 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleeker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR.

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 30 Wall-street. •

AGENCIES established in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, and in several of the Principal Towns in New-England, New-York State, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and LOWER THAN THE SCALE ADOPTED BY MANY LONDON OFFICES. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

The admirable system of Life Insurance which this Institution has organized, and which has secured for it such marked distinction in Europe, has obtained for it the highest favor in America. During the short period of its establishment in the United States, its principles have now the unqualified approval of many eminent men; and the patronage it has received fully tests the public confidence in its favor. A pamphlet has been published by the General Agent, and can be obtained at his office, explanatory of Life Insurance in general, and of the N. L. F. Society's system in particular.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

The General Agent is authorized to accept risks in sums not exceeding \$15,000 each on a single life, and to bind the Society from the date on which the premiums are actually paid to him. This authority is deposited for security with J. J. Palmer, Esq., the President of the Merchants' Bank in New York.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and much general information, together with the Society's rates—also, blank forms; and the fullest information may be obtained upon application to any Agent or Sub Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society. The expense of stamp duty need not be incurred.

Example of Rates—for the Assurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE ANNUALLY.

Age next Birth Day.	For one year only.	For Five Years.	FOR LIFE.	
			Without profits.	With profits.
15	\$0 77	\$0 81	\$1 47	\$1 64
20	0 86	0 90	1 68	1 87
25	0 98	1 03	1 93	2 14
30	1 21	1 30	2 22	2 46
35	1 46	1 54	2 54	2 88
40	1 61	1 64	2 93	3 26
45	1 72	1 78	3 47	3 85
50	1 94	2 06	4 21	4 68
55	2 34	2 96	5 28	5 86
60	3 43	4 25	6 68	7 42

PROFITS.—The following examples are given of the Profits distributed at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, which was held in London in May, 1844.

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to sum assured.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction in annual premium.
60	\$5000	\$370 85	1837	\$852 32	\$386 26	\$60 93
			1838	720 52	421 38	49 08
			1839	584 00	256 48	37 98

There are tables for single lives, joint lives, survivorships of two or three lives, endowments for children, &c. &c. Tables also for ANNUITIES, both immediate and deferred.—All these tables have been calculated from sterling into dollars and cents.

References of the highest character in the United States given to applicants, if required, as to the standing, wealth, and security of the above Institution.

Travelling leave endorsed on the policy is extensive and liberal, and the extra premiums for sea risk and unfavorable climates as moderate as is consistent with prudence. My24-1f.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York.







## ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,

No. 57 Wall Street, New York.

PHYSICIAN,

John W. Francis, Esq., M.D., No. 1 Bond Street.

SURGEON,

J. C. Beales, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.

BANKERS,

The Bank of Commerce.

SOLICITOR,

Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c., at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in *Perfect security*, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the *Triennial distribution of eighty per cent.*, or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

*In Cash*, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

## Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
20	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	95	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39
45	1 53	1 80	3 61	4 08
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1803, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, FORTY YEARS, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfilment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future stability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's fully-empowered Agents.

JOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 27 Wall-street.  
R. S. BUCHANAN, }  
Mr. 1-f.]

## PHRENOLOGY.

**FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS** of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals.—No. 131 Nassau Street,—where may also be had **FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY**, the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a Monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular; PHRENOLOGY applied to Education and Self-Improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Hereditary Descent, &c. &c. PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS for Learners, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-Improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. (Mr. 1-f.)

TO EMIGRANTS,  
AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND,  
SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

**DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT** on all the Branches of  
THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and  
THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND,  
RICH'D BELL &  
WM. McLAUCHLAN.

6 and 7 Dorr's Buildings, Hanover-St.

Also, **BILLS** on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. J118-6m.

## WILSON'S HOTEL &amp; DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

**HENRY WILSON** (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening. Mr. 29-1f.

## STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship **GREAT WESTERN**, Captain Matthews; and their new Iron Steamship **GREAT BRITAIN**, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.		FROM NEW-YORK.	
Great Western	Saturday 17th May	Great Western	Thursday 12th June
Great Western	do 5th July	Great Western	do 31st July
Great Britain	do 24 Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday 30th Aug.
Great Western	do 23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday 18th Sept.
Great Britain	do 27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday 25th Oct.
Great Western	do 11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday 6th Nov.
Great Britain	do 24d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday 20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to  
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street. My10-1f.

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

To sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
ROSCIUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th March.	SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster,	26 May	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster,	11th March
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th June	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th April
		ROSCIUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th May

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to  
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to  
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

**WILLIAM LAIRD**, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. *Bouquets* of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-1f.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,  
SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),  
W & J T. TAPSCOTT,  
South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—  
[My10-1f.] WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

## SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the Agents:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of SANDS' SARSAPARILLA. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald Head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all Parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.  
ELIHU & SARAH SOUTHWAY,  
No. 95 Madison-st.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 31, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Friends:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaluable Sarsaparilla, which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a Scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars as may be desired. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

BENJAMIN M. HUSSEY.

NANTUCKET, 9th mo. 3d, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effects of your Sarsaparilla upon him, may be implicitly relied upon. His case here is considered a very extraordinary one, and the cure altogether is such as to entitle the Sarsaparilla to be ranked as a great blessing to the human family, and we consider it as such.—Yours with true regards,  
WM. MITCHELL, Cashier of the Pacific Bank, Nantucket.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.  
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. A12-1f.